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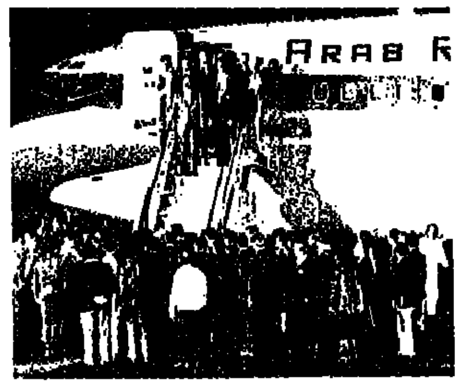
THE JERUSALEM POST
MAGAZINE
Friday, November 19, 1982



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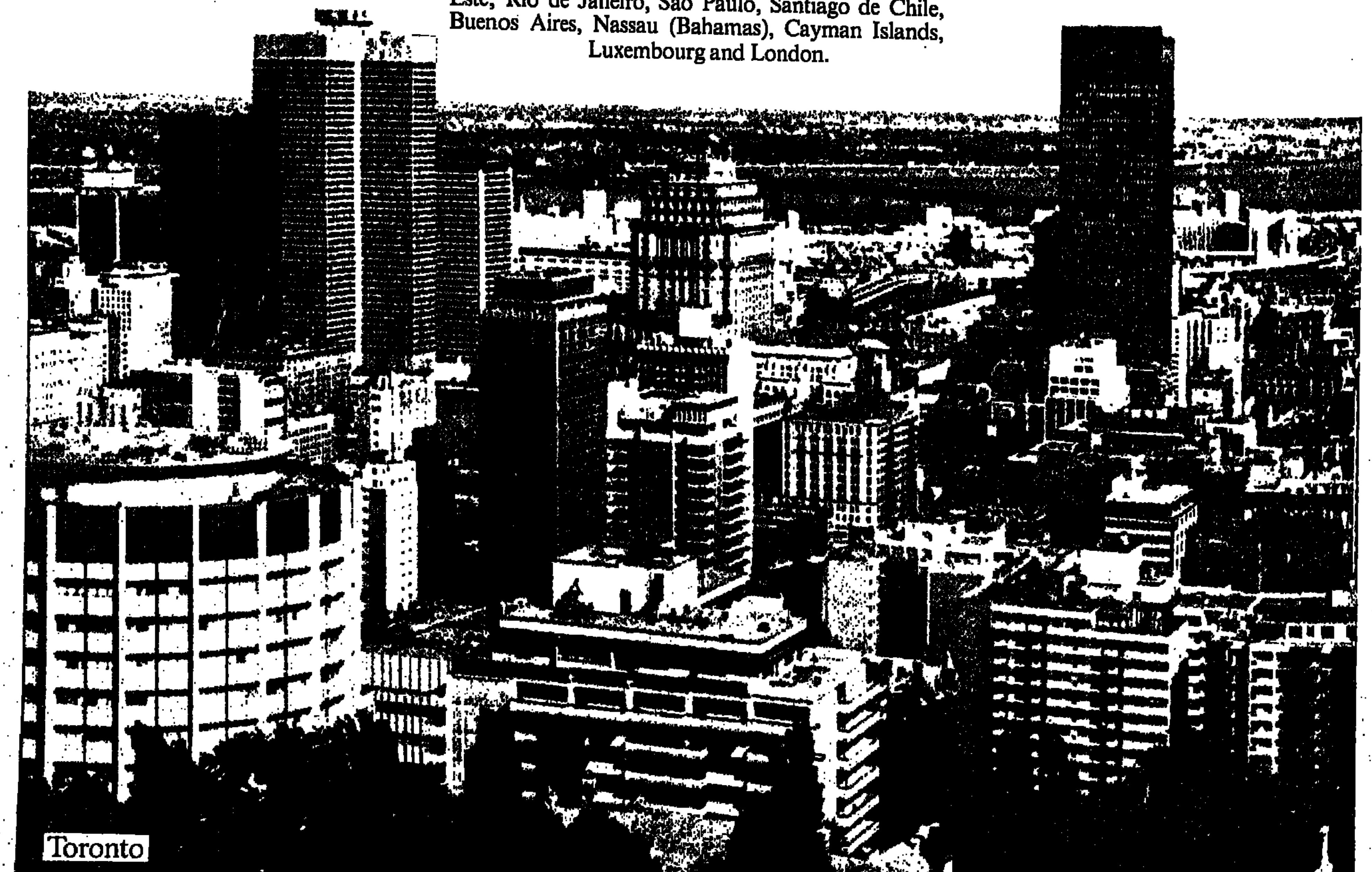

ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK

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Peace and the changing seasons

EHUD TOLEDANO looks at the state of Egyptian-Israeli relations five years after President Sadat's visit to Jerusalem.

FIVE YEARS ago, President Anwar Sadat of Egypt became the first Arab head of state to set foot on Israeli soil. In the long and arduous process that followed, a peace treaty between Egypt and Israel was negotiated; it was finally signed in September 1978.

Through carefully devised legal, political, and military mechanisms, both the map and reality of the Middle East were supposed to change. Some of the best legal minds in Israel, Egypt, and the U.S. spent countless hours to formulate a fairly simple deal: Egypt would regain sovereignty over all the territory it lost in the 1967 war; Israel would get full recognition, and "normal" relations, diplomatic, cultural and commercial; the U.S., recognized as a full partner, would be able to extend its influence in a region of vital strategic importance.

The implementation of the Camp David Accords was not easy. The Arab League removed its headquarters from Cairo, and all the major Arab governments broke off diplomatic relations with Egypt. There was dissension in Israel concerning the future of the settlements in northern Sinai, and the army had to use force in the evacuation of Yamit. Accusations of bad faith were exchanged between the signatories, and in the hectic days of April 1982, tension was high.

But calm was soon restored. By May, Egypt held all of Sinai, with only the issue of Taba still to be decided; a friendly Egyptian ambassador was resident in Tel Aviv, and the prospects of normalization looked good. America had clearly improved its position in the Middle East and managed to maintain good relations even with the opponents of Camp David among its friends, whose greatest concern was the Iran-Iraq war.

There was cautious optimism in the air; but then, of course, it was springtime.

As is not uncommon in our part of the world, the scene changed dramatically with the change of seasons: by winter, spring was but a faded memory. In June, Israeli troops crossed the northern border into Lebanon to destroy the infrastructure of the PLO in what has become the longest and most controversial war in our history.

Thus, in the week marking the fifth anniversary of Sadat's visit to Jerusalem, the scene looks quite different: the Egyptian ambassador is in Cairo for "consultation" and will return, says his foreign minister, when Israeli forces have left Lebanon. Normalization in all spheres is almost at a standstill, and Prime Minister Begin has had to return from the U.S. without visiting Washington, where he would have argued that the American proposals known as the Reagan Plan, contradict the Camp David Accords.

AS WE NOW look back on the five years since Sadat's visit to Jerusalem and the current state of Egyptian-Israeli relations, a number of questions come to mind: Have the expectations of the visit and the agreements been realized? Was the present situation inevitable? Is it irreversible?

For years, the Israeli public was told by successive governments that territorial and economic sacrifices were worthwhile for "true peace." True peace was conceived in terms of full recognition, diplomatic relations, tourism, trade and cultural exchanges. The acceptance of Israel's legitimacy in this region became a real psychological and emotional need for a society besieged by hostile neighbours. Denied for so many years, it turned into a dream, but also a political sine qua non for any concessions to the Arabs. Sadat observed correctly that a major obstacle to peace on the Israeli side lay in the realm of the mind: his dramatic visit was thus intended to "break the psychological barrier."

In this he partially succeeded, as enough momentum was generated to get the peace process moving.

Whenever obstacles were placed in the way of normalization, President Sadat would apply his power and his considerable charm to removing them and reassuring the Israelis. His intervention was usually well timed to serve the Egyptian interest (though his personal style often managed to conceal this).

Many Israelis who gradually came to suspect the real attitude of the Egyptians towards true peace still trusted Sadat's sincerity. Consequently, not a few asked the question: "Will there be peace with Egypt after Sadat?" While one must not underestimate the psychological importance of Sadat's visit and the agreements that followed, it is clear that Israelis in general did not imagine true peace in the shape of current Egyptian-Israeli relations.

THIS BRINGS US to the first of the two misconceptions which have considerably slowed down and obstructed the peace process. Though Israel was perfectly justified in demanding full normalization, both the government and the public were misled into believing that friendly relations between nations can actually be imposed by treaty.

The kind of peace that treaties might provide between enemies who had waged five wars in 30 years could, at best, consist of nonbelligerence and the setting up of mechanisms through which a gradual improvement of relations could be effected over a number of years. Government-to-government and people-to-people relations could then develop according to interests and feelings. The pace at which they moved would depend on the policies of the governments towards each other and towards the other actors in the region and beyond.

Israelis could not face up to such an unattractive scenario and preferred "shock treatment." They can hardly be blamed for it, since they were asked to pay a heavy strategic price for that peace. Nevertheless, such expectations were unrealistic: until this very day, all attempts to divorce full normalization from Israel's conduct in the region and in the occupied territories have failed miserably.

It is precisely against this background that the Egyptian position during the war in Lebanon should be examined. True, there is no guarantee that relations between the two countries would have been better had Israel not gone into Lebanon. Still, to expect Egypt to show greater restraint than it has so far is to misunderstand the nature of Middle East politics. To believe, now that our soldiers are preparing to winter on the ridges of Southern Lebanon, that the government in Cairo could, or should, have extended the Maytime spring is to live in a dream world.

In fact, until the massacres of Sabra and Shatilla, President Hosni Mubarak's reaction to the Israeli operation in Lebanon was surprisingly mild. Cairo's condemnations of Israel were no harsher than the views expressed in many Western capitals: prophecies of doom voiced by those who opposed the return of Sinai proved baseless. During the siege of Beirut and the negotiations for the evacuation of the PLO, Egypt tried in vain to play the role of mediator. The end was rather humiliating: all Cairo did for the Palestinians was to waive the Suez Canal tolls for the ships carrying the PLO men to the Sudan and Yemen.

Throughout the war, and with each escalation, Mubarak had to face considerable domestic pressures. The absence of Egypt from the line of confrontation accounted for the disarray in the Arab camp and the lack of any coordinated action. This was somewhat mitigated by the inaction of the other Arab states, with the exception of Syria. Even the "special relationship" with Americans, Syrians and PLO ment, as the Reagan Administration appeared to give tacit support to the Israeli invasion of Lebanon. The Amercicans, Syrians and PLO preferred to deal through the Saudis and left the Egyptians to futile cooperation with France in the UN.

Nevertheless, Washington had some compensation in store for Mubarak, which prevented him from reaching the point of despair: the Reagan Plan, details of which were being worked out and communicated to Cairo during the siege of Beirut. At the same time, the Israeli government was fighting a rearguard battle to prevent a rapprochement between Egypt and the PLO. Such a rapprochement would have paved Egypt's way back to the Arab League. It would have also given Egypt an opportunity to attempt to include the PLO in the deadlocked autonomy talks.

THUS WE COME to the second misconception involved in the strategic give-and-take of Camp David. It is widely held that the concessions made to Egypt by the Israeli negotiating team at the presidential resort were predicated on the assumption that Sadat would forgo the West Bank and Gaza for an ill-defined fig leaf — autonomy. That is, the whole of Sinai for the rest of the occupied territories. Even if Sadat himself confidentially gave our delegation such an impression, there was no trace of it in his public statements, nor should it have formed a basis for our considerations.

This, of course, stemmed from another false supposition: that Egypt could be lured away from the Arab camp and, therefore, need not be concerned with the position of the Arabs on the Palestinian issue. Thus, by means of the autonomy talks, Egypt was given an important role in negotiating the future of Palestinians now under Israeli rule. This was granted because Sadat refused to appear to be signing a separate peace and because of his agreement to forgo any mention of the PLO in the accords. By doing so, he clearly went against the Arab consensus of Rabat, namely, that the PLO was the sole legitimate representative of and negotiator for the Palestinians.

The surest way for Egypt to regain acceptability in the Arab world is through the PLO, which, in Arab eyes, it ignored and demeaned by signing the Camp David Accords. All its efforts to do it otherwise have, thus far, met with failure. The war in Lebanon presented Egypt with a golden opportunity to overcome the difficulty. The PLO never closed down its office in Cairo, and Arafat has kept in touch with Mubarak and his representatives all the way along.

Moreover, the Americans have not impeded Egypt's attempts to extract some form of recognition of Israel, thereby making it possible for Washington to talk to the PLO openly. The Administration does not see the Reagan proposals as contradicting the Camp David Accords, a position which is most convenient to Egypt and has been fully endorsed by President Mubarak. All this, five years after Sadat came to Jerusalem and set things in motion, puts the Begin government under considerable pressure.

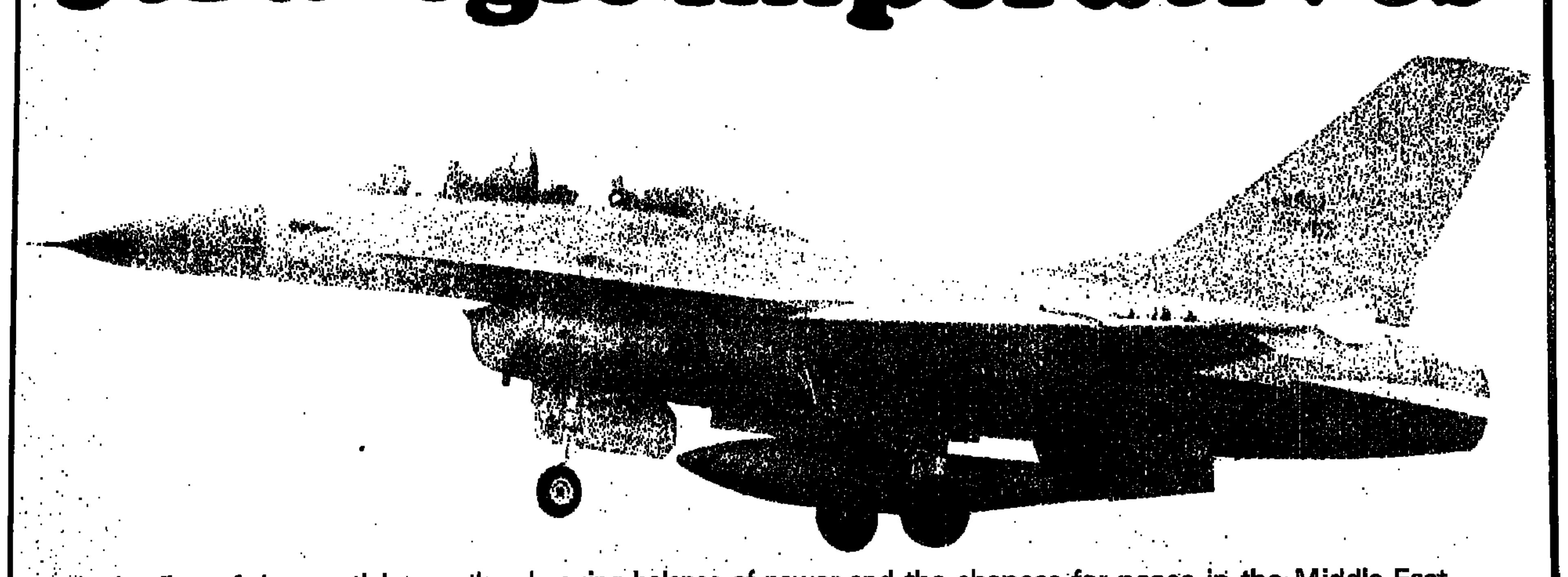
CONSIDERING the events of those years, Sadat's vision seems dwarfed by reality. But reality must be faced realistically: not all is negative; not all is beyond hope. If true peace is composed of nonbelligerence and normalization, then certainly the former has stood a harder test than those who fought the soldiers at Yamit ever imagined. As for normalization, we have to realize that this will always be inextricably linked to the policies of our government. While not absolving the Egyptians from their share of the blame, we ought to understand that the policies of the current government have, in large measure, brought about the present situation between the two countries.

Perhaps the gravest fault of current thinking about the Midle East in government circles lies in the apparent lack of feeling for the "rhythm" of its behaviour. The region in which we live is made up of several entities interlinked by bonds of history, culture, religion, economy and society. It is these bonds that decree both the unity and the disunity of the Middle East. Only policy-makers who ignore this reality — mostly because it does not always agree with the ideologies they espouse — can formulate unattainable goals: a new order for Lebanon, perhaps even the "Palestinization" of Jordan. Presumably, they also believe that their words and actions in pursuit of these goals will have no effect on relations with Egypt, and so continue to demand full normalization. This, however, is not only naive but sad for it wastes the kind of opportunities we can hardly afford to miss in promoting our own national interest. □

The author is a lecturer in Middle Eastern History at Tel Aviv University.

Cartoon from the "Egyptian Gazette" of November 7, 1982.

Strategic imperatives



In the first of three articles on the changing balance of power and the chances for peace in the Middle East, Military Correspondent HIRSH GOODMAN stresses Israel's need to maintain a viable deterrent.

LEBANON has been the focus of world attention over the past six months. The war was an important and controversial conflict, with moral and geopolitical ramifications; but when placed within the context of the developing strategic realities of the Middle East, it must be seen as only tangential.

Iraq is at war with Iran; Iraq and Syria are in a virtual state of war, as are Egypt and Libya; Syria and Jordan are on the brink of war; Libya and Sudan are at war, and so are the two Yemens. There is turmoil in Iran, and Saudi Arabia lives with the spectre of revolution.

The Moslem Brotherhood's Iraqi- and Jordanian-financed intrigues against Syria's Hafez Assad have been subdued since the destruction of Hamma in February this year, but are not dormant. Islamic fundamentalism killed Sadat and threatens Iraq's Saddam Hussein.

Jordan's King Hussein is caught in a vise of growing Palestinian nationalism on the one hand, and the implications of an Iraqi defeat on the other, while trying to juggle his loyalties to the U.S., the Soviets, the Palestinian nationalists and the pro-Hashemites in the administered territories.

The Middle East is in turmoil, and Lebanon is only part of the equation of madness. The current fragmentation of the Arab world is Israel's greatest strength, but it should not be regarded as permanent. The realpolitik of the Middle East is fluid and unpredictable.

Not so long ago Syria and Iraq shared a defence treaty, as did Syria and Jordan. Just in the last decade millions of Egyptians and Libyans marched from Tripoli to Cairo in a gesture symbolizing everlasting friendship.

The system is fragile, based on dictatorial decision-making, and the rulers themselves are buffeted by forces beyond their control. The super-powers participate from the sidelines, and the Middle East serves as a testing ground for conflicting ideologies, which are incompatible by definition and explosive by nature.

ISRAEL CANNOT assume that the Arab world will always remain divided, that at no stage in the future will a constellation of events cause the Arabs to put aside their enmity and attack Israel. Israel has to expect the worst in order to be prepared for the worst, since there is no margin for error.

In order to prevent attack Israel must project an image of strength and persuade its enemies that the price they will have to pay is so high in relation to the benefits that anti-Zionist bellicosity would be best confined to the realm of rhetoric.

If it is to maintain an image of strength, Israel must have qualitative superiority, quantitative balance, and correct enough relations with the U.S. to guarantee American involvement on Israel's behalf if the need ever arises. Every one of these three fundamental aspects of Israel's deterrent posture are currently under threat.

Quantitatively, Israel cannot keep up with the Arab confrontation states, which, since 1973, have spent $81 billion on arms (66 per cent of them supplied by the West). The total spent, if one takes into account current orders due to be delivered by 1986, is just under $105 billion.

Since the Yom Kippur War, there has been a 74 per cent increase in the number of tanks in the confrontation states. Israel is up against 10,420 tanks. To place this number in perspective, one should remember that NATO has only about 6,000 tanks.

There has been an 88 per cent increase in the front-line aircraft owned by the confrontation states; a 566 per cent increase in ground-to-ground missiles; a 199 per cent increase in anti-tank missiles; a 252 per cent increase in anti-aircraft missiles, and a 75 per cent increase in artillery pieces.

The tanks are T-72s, M-60s and the most modern in the French arsenal. Artillery is becoming mobile, and the ground-to-ground missiles are new generation Scuds, with greater range and greater accuracy. The aircraft are F-15s and F-16s and Mig-27s. In general, these weapons are the best that petro-dollars can buy.

There is nothing the Americans, the British, the French, the Scandinavians and the Italians will not sell. Saudi Arabia has received AWACS and F-15s. That these weapons have not been integrated into the Saudi armed forces is beside the point; the point is that the Americans, for reasons that are dubious in terms of strategic policy, but logical in terms of political and economic expediency, sold them the AWACS.

What more is there to say when one remembers that the French gave Iraq's Saddam Hussein, who has been compared to Stalin, the potential for an atomic weapon?

IT IS OBVIOUS that as Western economies face intensified recession and increased unemployment, their need to export will increase. Since the main industrial exports of most of these nations are weapons and military related, and since the Arabs are the only clients who have money, a continuation of the process is inevitable.

Last year the Americans exported a record $21 billion in arms (just over $7 billion to Saudi Arabia alone). President Reagan's decision to sell AWACS to Saudi Arabia and F-16s to Pakistan and Jordan indicated that arms sales to the Arab confrontation states would continue.

The German government initiated a re-definition of national policy on arms sales to non-neutrals to allow the sale of Leopard tanks to Saudi Arabia.

Israel finds itself facing many of the same weapons deployed in the IDF. The IAF flies Phantoms, Mirages, F-15s and F-16s. So do the confrontation states. The same tanks, anti-aircraft missiles, artillery pieces and so on are found on both sides of the border. If it is to maintain superiority Israel has to take the world's most sophisticated technology and improve it — this at a time of rocketing research and development costs and shrinking defence budgets.

This, incidentally, partly explains Israel's reluctance to share with the Americans data on the IDF's performance during the Lebanon war. "Why should we help make Jordan's F-16s better?" one Israeli official asked recently.

Another bite at Israel's qualitative edge came with the technological advances made by the Americans these past few years to compensate for the drop in the standard of U.S. military personnel since the cancellation of compulsory conscription. Devices to compensate for limitations of human skill have benefited the Third World countries, and reduced Israel's advantage based as it is on highly qualified manpower.

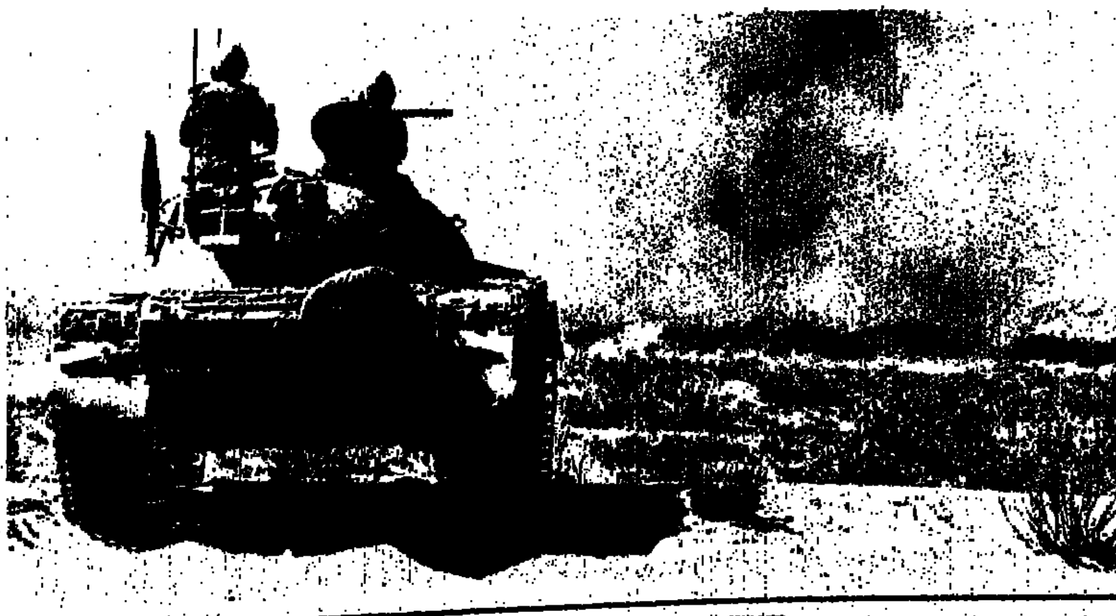
So Israel cannot keep up quantitatively; and growing sophistication coupled with easy-to-use technology are negating its qualitative advantage.

THE TREND has been clear to defence analysts here for some time. Israel is fully extended in terms of personnel, and over-extended financially. Last year, more people left the country than came to it. Inflation is running at around 130 per cent, necessitating a cut in public spending and therefore the defence budget as well. Taxation cannot be increased, and there is simply no way Israel can, in the long run, and given a worst-case scenario, create a balance of power equation that will allow the projection of a viable deterrent.

Perhaps this was why so many of Israel's strategic thinkers were so supportive of the peace process with Egypt. It was the first meaningful opportunity to reverse, or at least halt, the negative tilt in the balance of power.

It was Israel's defence minister at the time, Ezer Weizman who was the chief architect of the peace process, and the driving force to achieve a peace treaty when the process stalled. The general staff (notwithstanding some early public scepticism from then-chief-of-staff Mordechai Gur) also supported the

(Continued on page 6)



(Israel Sun)

THIS WEEK'S EVENTS
THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM
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NEW EXHIBITION (OPENING WEDNESDAY, 24.11, At 7.00 p.m.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB (1903-1974) — A RETROSPECTIVE

The most comprehensive retrospective to date of the works of the famous American painter, Adolph Gottlieb, a pioneer of Abstract Expressionism. 120 works, including large scale paintings, prints and sculptures. The exhibition is circulated under the auspices of the Adolph and Esther Gottlieb Foundation, New York.

(See Guest Lecture, Wednesday, 24.11, at 8.30 p.m.)

CONTINUING EXHIBITIONS

CITY AND ART

The Berlin Secession at the Turn of the Century
Prints and Drawings from the Collection of Tel Aviv Museum
An exhibition dedicated to the late Dr. Karl Schwarz

DIZENGOFF HOUSE

A Documentary Exhibition on the Founding of Tel Aviv Museum

COLLECTIONS

ISRAELI ART 1960-1980

A selection from the Museum Collection. Also shown are acquisitions of the past year.

SEVENTH-CENTURY DUTCH AND FLEMISH PAINTING

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN PAINTING
IMPRESSIONISM AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM, TWENTIETH-CENTURY ART IN EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES
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SPECIAL EXHIBIT

DAVID BOMBERG (1890-1957)

Five works recently presented to the Museum by Gloria and Frank Green, London.

GUEST LECTURE

BASIC IDEAS IN ADOLPH GOTTLIEB'S PAINTINGS

A slide-lecture by Sanford Hirsch, curator of the Adolph and Esther Gottlieb Foundation, New York. In English. In cooperation with the American Embassy in Israel. Wednesday, 24.11, at 8.30 p.m.

MUSIC ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK:

FROM BAROQUE TO ROCOCO, with the Israel Baroque Players. Programme: Works by Fesch, Riccio, Handel, Bach, Pergolesi, Lotti, J.Ch. Bach. Saturday, 20.11, at 8.30 p.m.

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA — Conductor: Ronald Braunstein, Soloist: Claude Frank, piano. Programme: Haydn, Symphony No. 91; Barber, Adagio for Strings; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No. 1. Tuesday, 23.11, at 8.30 p.m.

DANCE

ASIAN DANCES. Dances from India, Bali and the Philippines. With Timi Kedar, Vera Goldman, Ran Shinar, Einat Eventov, Tal Haran. Monday, 22.11, at 9.00 p.m.

THEATRE

BRURIA. Performance cancelled due to illness

TMU-NA, Dance Theatre. The outstanding fringe performance of the Acre Festival of Alternative Theatre. Sunday, 21.11, at 9.00 p.m.

'MOLLY BLOOM' from Ulysses by James Joyce (Penelope Chapter)

Joanna Peled's adaptation and performance, with the participation of Zipora Peled. In English and Hebrew. Translation: Chanan Zass; Set and slides: Chirine El-Khadem. Thursday, 25.11, at 9.00 p.m.

CINEMA

SATURDAY TEATIME FAMILY SCREENING

THE HIDEAWAY (U.S.A., in colour, 105 min., English with Hebrew subtitles). The adventures of a brother and sister who run away from home to the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and their encounter with an art collector (Ingrid Bergman). Saturday, 20.11, at 5.30 p.m.

REGULAR MATINEE SCREENINGS

BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (U.S.S.R., 1957 black-and-white, 90 min., Russian with Hebrew subtitles). A classic Russian film, awarded the 1st prize at the 1960 Cannes Film Festival "for its high human values and great artistic merits." Daily at 4.30 p.m.

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BYE BYE BRAZIL (Brazil, 1980, 110 min., in colour, Portuguese with Hebrew and English subtitles). The unique mixture of magic and subdued sadness in 'modern' Brazil, as reflected in the story of a band of wandering musicians. Every evening at 7.15 and 9.30 p.m.

PROGRAMMES FOR CHILDREN

THEATRE (in Hebrew)

ORDINARY PEOPLE. 'Story of the Bean' — a Moroccan folk tale. 'The Fisherman and His Wife' — by the Grimm brothers. For children aged 5-9. Tuesday, 23.11, at 4.00 p.m.

THE KING AND THE MOON. 'The Cow Jumped Over the Moon' and 'The King Rascal' from 'Mary Poppins'. In cooperation with the 'Kav' Group and 'Hakaron' Theatre. For children aged 5-9. Tuesday, 23.11, at 5.00 p.m.

AFTERNOON ADVENTURE FOR CHILDREN (at 4.00 p.m.)

RED, BLUE, YELLOW. Gallery Games and Workshops. For children aged 4-6 accompanied by adult, on Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday. For 1st-2nd graders on Monday. For 3rd-4th graders on Wednesday. Number of participants limited. Tickets in advance at the Museum box office.

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Guided Tour of the Exhibition (in Hebrew), Saturday, 20.11, at 11 a.m.

Tours for Organised Groups, by appointment: Tel. 299750

Puppetry — working corners for children. Sun.-Thurs. 5-7 p.m.

Video Films on Theatre Puppets, Sun.-Thurs. 5-7.30 p.m.

CHILDREN'S THEATRE

'RUTHI'S UMBRELLA, Based on a story by Dina Djatlowsky. For kindergarten children and 1st-2nd graders. Tuesday, 23.11, at 4.00 p.m.

COURSES FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

In response to public demand, additional painting courses are opening for 3rd-5th and 6th-8th graders. A few vacancies are left in the drama course for 7th-9th graders, and in the communications course for 6th-8th graders.

COURSES FOR ADULTS

Registration for the various courses, Sun.-Thurs. from 9.00 a.m.-12 noon; 4.00-6.00 p.m.

Visiting Hours: Sun.-Thurs. 9.00 a.m.-1.00 p.m., 5.00-8.00 p.m. Saturday, 10.00 a.m.-2.00 p.m. Friday Closed.

Kol Israel — Music Division
in cooperation with YMCA Jerusalem
Concert No. 2 — The Sound of Choirs series
The Cameran Singers
Conductor and Artistic Director: Avner Itai
Presents
"THE SCHOLARS"
Music from the Renaissance period, Madrigals and Chansons
8.30 p.m., Sunday, November 21, 1982
YMCA Auditorium
Tickets available at Kla'im and at all
ticket agencies in Jerusalem.

NETANYA ORCHESTRA
תזמורת נתניה
Tuesday, November 23, 1982 at 8.30 p.m.
Herschtritt Auditorium — Wingate
Subscription Concert No. 2
(Tickets for postponed concert on Nov. 7
will be honoured).
SAMUEL LEWIS conductor
Music by: Schubert, Mozart, Suppé
and Johann Strauss II

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(Continued from page 5)

process. The head of Israel's strategic planning unit, Aluf Avraham Tamir, was a major force in ensuring the acceptance of the Camp David Accords. And even Defence Minister Ariel Sharon, on a trip to Egypt last year, said that from a security point of view the treaty with Egypt was invaluable.

Israel is vulnerable geographically, demographically, economically and socially, and therefore the temptation to attack it is great. It must have a viable deterrent.

Shortly after the Yom Kippur War, while Israeli cannons were only 40 kilometres from Damascus and half of Assad's army was in disarray, a Syrian intelligence officer sent a cable to his superiors recommending that Syria launch another attack on Israel. Syria had little more to loose, he argued, while Israel had everything to lose. He added that every time Israel is faced with conflict, it must loose, for the price it pays is always too high. Each war, no matter how limited, and often just the threat of war, demoralizes the people of Israel, making them aware that war is always with them, that there is no light at the end of the tunnel. Each conflict means more emigration and less immigration. It means a general call-up, which has profound economic consequences.

His analysis was frightening in the simplicity and clarity of its logic.

ISRAEL is vulnerable. Some 90 per cent of its population and over 85 per cent of its industrial infrastructure are located on a narrow coastal strip running from Ashkelon in the south to Haifa in the north. This is located some four minutes' flying time from Jordan, and less than five minutes from Damascus.

But the enemy's perception of one's weakness or strength is not based on vulnerability and ratios alone. An important part of any assessment would be the state of Israel-U.S. relations, on the one hand, and Arab-American relations on the other. It would be important for them to know how far the Americans would allow them to go before they stepped in, or how long the Americans would allow Israel to retaliate before they demanded a cessation of hostilities.

Another element would be the enemy's perception of Israel's internal unity, given the importance of this on the morale of most of Israel's fighting forces.

President Reagan's current policies and Prime Minister Begin's talent for infuriating the president, is no doubt a source of encouragement to the Arabs.

However, they must be asking themselves searching questions about America's failure to restrain Israel in Lebanon, and Reagan's unwillingness to do anything meaningful to stop Israeli settlement on the West Bank.

The effects of internal dissension in Israel must also puzzle the Arabs. Never before has there been so much internal protest over a war; yet never before has the army fought more brilliantly, the limited nature of the conflict notwithstanding.

For Israel, the main questions revolve around deterrence.

In order to neutralize its enemies, should it adopt pre-emption as a tactical tool, or actively pursue peace?

And if it is to pursue peace, who is it to do it with? □

This article is based on lectures the writer recently delivered in the U.S.

Mrs. Einstein's flying raisins

HELGA DUDMAN meets Miriam Singer

SHE HAD her little joke with Albert Einstein, and she had lunch with Lord Balfour. She shared a room with Rahel, the poetess, and she studied Hebrew with Franz Kafka. She was "discovered" by Max Brod, and she showed the local sights to Thomas Masaryk, the first President of Czechoslovakia (whom she asked to send a postcard to her mother). On another continent, she showed the sights of Prague to A.D. Gordon (with whom her future husband shared a room, just opposite her own). She was chaperoned across an ocean by Professor Hugo Bergmann, and she had the very young Moshe Dayan in her classroom.

Blessed with a long life, a sparklingly observant eye, and a generous fate which placed her at the right place at the right time, Miriam Singer — now a lively and articulate 85 — has had close encounters with a remarkable range of people who have long since become historical figures.

The right place, for over 60 years, was Kibbutz Deganya Aleph, which began to attract the great and the curious after World War I. Miriam Singer came to Deganya from Czechoslovakia in 1920 at the age of 21. She was something of a *Wunderkind*. Her first book, a collection of children's stories, in German, had already been published. That had happened when Max Brod, the writer known for his biographies of Heine and Kafka, introduced her to Prague's literary circles.

But her meeting with Brod began far from any literary tea. Brod had happened to walk by an old Prague courtyard and overheard young Miriam telling stories to a group of ragged *Ost-Juden* children — refugees from Eastern Europe then fleeing into Czechoslovakia, and looking, with their side-locks and strange dress, very different from the Jewish youth of that country. Something about those children had attracted Miriam. She followed them, began talking to them — they in Yiddish, she in German — and started telling them stories about Palestine. That was how Brod found her, and encouraged her to put her stories down on paper. To her mother's distress, she found her "Jewish roots."

Through Brod she met Franz Kafka, and the two decided to join a small group for Hebrew lessons, an enterprise which unfortunately left little mark on Miriam. During this period in Prague, as a member of the small Zionist youth group, she also met both Buber and Gordon, who had come to address the Zeire Zion congress. Buber spoke elegantly and eloquently, was very well dressed, stayed at the best hotel, and later sent a handsome bill. Gordon wore boots, an old cap and a short coat; he stayed "in some hole," walked to the site of the congress, and never sent any bill at all.

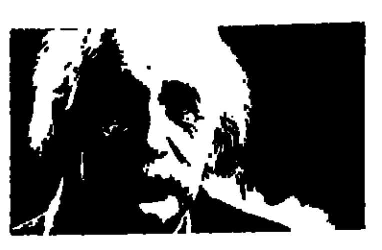
A few days later, Miriam was one of a small group of young people who showed the famous "prophet of labour Zionism" the beauties of the historic city of Prague. "It was a Saturday, and to our surprise he refused to ride, but went everywhere on foot. We walked through the city, and finally came to a high point with a marvellous view of the old rooftops. Again, Gordon was not impressed. He said he preferred green fields, and muttered 'houses, houses, houses.'" It was a clear March day, but Gordon, Miriam recalls, was shivering with cold and longing for the climate of the Jordan Valley — a point to recall when newer arrivals from Russia complain about our insufferable heat. On one of the days of that March congress 62 years ago, a telegram came from Jerusalem reporting the news of the fall of Tel Hai, a bitter blow to all the Zionists at Prague.

Before leaving Prague, Miriam received a gift from Kafka, one of his early stories, inscribed to her. "But Irma," (her name before she made the neat near-anagram to the Hebrew Miriam) "you're much too healthy ever to be able to understand it," said Kafka.

A few months later she made the trip to Palestine, travelling with the family of Professor Hugo Bergmann. Her mother, who opposed this whole mad enterprise and her daughter's impractical and committed discovery of her Jewish roots, unusual in Prague of that era, felt reassured by the chaperonage of the Bergmann family, and confident that the distinguished scholar would prevent Miriam from getting involved with an *Ostjude*.

But within two years Miriam did just that, and married Yaakov Berkovitch of Deganya. When her worried mother asked what he did, Miriam wrote back that he worked with manure; eventually he graduated to baker. Yaakov died several years ago. Miriam's two sons and four grandchildren all live at Deganya.

IT WAS pure coincidence that brought her to the obscure settlement on the Jordan from which A.D. Gordon had come on his visit to Prague. When she arrived here, Miriam stayed in Jerusalem with the family of Hugo Bergmann. Miriam Baratz, one of the founders of Deganya, came to visit, and mentioned that a kindergarten teacher was needed at the *kvutsa*. Miriam was a kindergarten teacher. The problem was that she knew very little Hebrew. Those lessons she had attended with Kafka had done little good, and besides, she admits to having an unusual lack of talent for languages.



"Never mind," said Miriam optimistically. "We'll have someone teach you for a month, and then you'll know Hebrew." She took the job, but for years was known as the teacher who didn't know Hebrew. It may be encouraging for new immigrants to learn that, as she puts it, "it was a long time before I could safely distinguish between eggplants and pioneers" (*hatzilim* and *halutzim*).

We spoke in Hebrew during this interview. Her command of the spoken language was impressive. But apparently she doesn't read it or write it so well: all her published works are set down originally in German, and then translated. The problem has now come full cycle, and she said to me, "It's hard for me to write nowadays, because I find myself translating from Hebrew to German!"

In Deganya's central black stone building, the settlement's first, which now houses financial offices, Miriam shared an upstairs room with Rahel and two other women; across the corridor were Gordon and some young men, including her future husband. Rahel was writing poems in Hebrew, Miriam in German, but conversation between them was difficult. "Also, by then she was weak and ill. Soon after, it became impossible for her to stay with us, because she insisted on working with the children and even took them into her bed, at a time when she was seriously sick with tuberculosis." One evening, though, the two walked to Kinneret where Berl Katznelson was giving a lecture. Miriam said hello but did not stay to listen; she would not have understood a word, neither the Hebrew nor the content of the ideological arguments.

It was the opening of the Hebrew University in March, 1925, when journalists and leaders from all over the world converged, which made Deganya an instant tourist attraction, and it has remained so ever since. Never have so few been so scrutinized by so many.

VIPs arrived, escorted by such local luminaries as Ussishkin, Sokolow, and Colonel Kisch. The clichés then were new, and true: a little band of young idealists, a commune, no private property, a new kind of Jew, return to the land, redemption through physical labour. Some of the questions put by visitors have remained largely idiotic through the years. "From the very first, they would ask us, 'Are you happy?'" says Miriam, who has participated in an endless series of such encounters.

The day I visited Miriam in her small, typical kibbutz flat, I noticed two groups of foreign tourists trooping through the grounds, and Deganya's grounds are certainly prettier than most. Miriam lives in a section reserved for the older generation, set in a marvellous flower-garden cared for by a woman just a few years younger than she is. For oldsters like Miriam who have trouble walking, there are mechanized wheelchairs, either self-driven or chauffeured by someone assigned to this duty.

Deganya has been endlessly analysed, described, evaluated and celebrated by both visitors and itself; Miriam became its spokeswoman on some memorable early occasions simply because she was the first "Westerner," and because there was no one else who spoke a language other than Hebrew, Russian or Yiddish. She had no common language with Lord Balfour, but she has described in vivid detail (in a booklet published by Deganya for its 70th birthday celebration) that first VIP lunch.

On that occasion the settlers decided, for the first and last time, that distinguished guests could not be asked to drink tea out of old tin cups, so they imported a chef from an elegant Tiberias hotel — elegant by 1925 Jordan Valley standards — to do the honours. But it all seemed ridiculous, and thereafter tourists, no matter how eminent, shared the early kibbutz fare, which was lentils on Sunday, beans on Monday, rice on Tuesday, and so on, week in and week out. Today the big dining room has three different menus — weight-watcher, vegetarian, and regular; but that is another story.

Her encounter with Albert Einstein, who was also here for the Hebrew University opening, involved a misunderstanding of the word "relationship," or possibly even "relativity." Miriam, doing the honours in German, was distressed when even this great man seemed to stoop to ask the already banal question: "And what is the relationship here between men and women?"

"Every man has just one woman," said Miriam defensively.

What he meant, the professor quickly explained, was the *mathematical* relationship — how many men were there at Deganya, and how many women. (Meanwhile, Miriam recalls, Mrs. Einstein thought that the black spots on the noodles were raisins — until, being flies, they flew off.)

Because feminists may rise in anger at the formulation of her reply, I should add here that at some point during our talk, Miriam wondered why I hadn't asked about her views on women's liberation. I confessed that it just hadn't occurred to me. "Well, I'm against it," she said. "A woman must be a human being; in that respect, just like a man." But she went on to explain her vehement opposition to the education for sexual equality, in such forms as the abolition of dolls for girls, as it was expressed after the Russian Revolution (whose distant echoes at the kibbutz she remembers well).

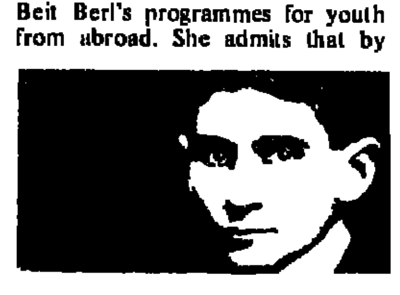
Although her early "Western" presence was her ticket to those meetings with distinguished visitors, many of which she later described in vignettes published in the local press, she also paid a certain price for the privilege. As she is quick to explain, she suffered a kind of loneliness at Deganya because she was outside the shared heritage of the rest of the early settlers. For Miriam there had been no *shtetl*, no particularly Jewish home life, no traditional Eastern European outlook, which may be rebelled against but nevertheless provides a frame of reference for those who grew up with it.

Deganya in the early days never pretended to be a bookish place; observers in the area note that nearby Kibbutz Afikim was far more "intellectual" right from its start, in 1936. A.D. Gordon, writing at night after his day's work, was an "outsider." So was Rahel, with her poetry and illness. Miriam, much younger and healthier than both, and at quite a different level, was also an outsider. "I'm sure that even today few people at Deganya know about all the things I have written," she says, even though one of her children's books, *Dan and Jan and the Storks*, has been widely read by several generations here.

I have a suspicion that not only her writing and her contacts with the outside world have helped keep her so lively and cheerful, but also her ill-concealed enjoyment of the "bourgeois" good things of life. She was never a vegetarian, unlike many at Deganya, and she adores good cakes. She never believed in austerity for its own sake, although she chose to live in Deganya through a primitive period. Long ago, one of those typical ideological disputes raged around the question of Miriam's personal electric tea-kettle: she was the first to have one in her own room. Later, she was among the strongest proponents of colour television in members' rooms, particularly the elderly. (Now there are telephone extensions in every room, and a swimming pool, and trips abroad, and all the rest of it.)

Miriam continues to work three hours each morning in the kibbutz sewing room, cutting and finishing dresses. She makes all her own clothes, and her services are in demand among many younger members. As a girl her two ambitions were to be a kindergarten teacher and a seamstress. She has realized both.

She also continues to explain the meaning of the "mother of kibbutzim" to young people, and is a mainstay of the lecture circuit of Beit Berl's programmes for youth from abroad. She admits that by now both the questions and her answers are predictable. Yet she continues to be amazed by the "lack of idealism" of American youngsters. "They ask why I came here — was it because I was thrown out of the place where I was born? Or because I was promised something better here?"



As for the much-analysed changed values of the kibbutz's own children, she is cheerfully tolerant. Noting that her own granddaughter's choice for her bat mitzva present was "pierced ears, for earrings," she adds understandingly that "reaction is a law of nature." But she also says, cheerfully: "Our children here were born rather like a worm inside a beautiful apple." And she quotes Ibsen: "Every truth is true for only 30 years."

Be that as it may, 60 years ago "life here was much simpler. We had only two political parties." But Miriam and her husband were married no less than three times in 1922. "Once at Deganya, with Gordon blessing us. But that was not official enough, so we joined a group wedding a little later at Kibbutz Ayelet HaShahar. The Rabbinate in Tiberias wouldn't accept that either. The third time, at a ceremony at Yavniel, it was all right."

But pragmatism, too, was youthfully alive and well at Deganya, twice 30 years ago, in the form of young Moshe Dayan, who was one of Miriam's charges. "He always knew how to talk his way out of any situation. When he was about six he was a vegetarian, as many of our children were, under the influence of one of our teachers. But one day some sausage turned up, and Moshe happily ate a piece. 'But Moshe, you are a vegetarian,' somebody said. 'Oh,' said Moshe, 'but these cows were killed over a year ago.'" □

THE MORALITY play *Everyman*, in its Hebrew version tells a simple tale. God sends Death to inform the hero, Kol-Adam, that he must "set out on a long journey." Everyman, who is busy pursuing various pleasures, tells Death that he has come knocking on the wrong door. But Death is insistent: "You must leave your home and all your companions. You're the one who is mistaken; you fail to grasp the facts. Death will reign, Death is master. He who laughs last laughs best."

Everyman is finally persuaded that he is destined to die, but decides that he does not want to die alone. He requests a period of grace in which to search for a companion. But one after another, figures representing Friendship, Property, Desire and Lust turn their backs on him.

Profoundly discouraged, Everyman nearly commits suicide. But at the last moment, he is saved by Hope and slays Despair in a fierce battle. This victory places him beyond Death in the eyes of God, and the play ends on a positive note.

It is easy to see how this type of story relates to the daily life of a prisoner serving out a jail term. When I staged *Everyman* a few years ago at the Jerusalem Khan, audiences responded very warmly. But I myself was unaware of the full power of the message in *Everyman* until I put on the play again, in a radically different form, with prisoners serving time in the Ramle jail. The stereotypical figures took on the flesh and muscle bestowed by the prisoner-actors who played them, and these allegorical concepts became concrete characters.

The following journal describes how I got to know, and later become friends with, this talented group of prisoners.

FIRST REHEARSAL: The wardens speak through a tiny barred window. Yes, they're expecting me. Above the heavy door is emblazoned the prison crest, or perhaps the Prison Authority insignia: crossed olive branches over a chain, topped by a flaming torch. The wardens tell me that the prisoners won't be available for another half hour and very graciously invite me to dine with them. No thanks, I picked up some houmus in Lod. But I'd gladly join them in a bottle of beer. The wardens double up with laughter. I catch on and join in the general hilarity: I had assumed, in my innocence, that the wardens' dining room of the Ramle Prison served up beers.

The prisoners are brought in in groups. To my surprise, they're young, grinning and full of life. They look good. One is especially handsome, very tanned and fit. He's a rapist. Been in for six years. He examines me. I tell him: "You could be the Marlboro man." He laughs: "Oh, come off it. It's just from working in the sun."

I hand out ballpoint pens to enable them to mark the vowel signs in the Hebrew text. I tell them to ask about difficult words. No, nothing too difficult. Only "exhaustion" (*le'ut*) is a bit unclear. I explain that this means extreme tiredness.

Jojo (fictitious name). Life sentence reduced to 20 years. For murder. Doesn't know how to read or write. A prison education officer sits next to him and clarifies the text. Jojo's face is radiant. He's more awake, more alive than the others — grinning and serious by turns. A heavy barred door scrapes along the floor somewhere behind us and then clanks shut. Jojo wants to play the part of Desire. He also wants to play the part of Lust. And every other part in the play. He promises that he'll memorize every single word. Jojo.

I suddenly blurt out, referring to S., the education officer who is playing the lead role: "His part demands that he play the fool, a real dummy." S. looks at me in consternation, not knowing whether he should feel insulted or whether I've undermined his position as a warden acting in a play with prisoners. I try to correct any wrong impressions. I turn to the prisoners: "I meant to say that he must play a naive type, not a fool." They understand. Help me out. "Yes, yes," they nod. "Naive, but not a fool."

Jojo offers me a cigarette. I hesitate. Don't know if he's giving away part of his daily or weekly or monthly ration. "Take it, take it," he insists. "You shouldn't think we don't have. We get stuff with what we earn at work." I take the cigarette. He proudly pulls out a lighter, then proceeds to offer me a cigarette every couple of minutes. He never fails to light me up, like a polished gentleman courting some especially attractive young lady.

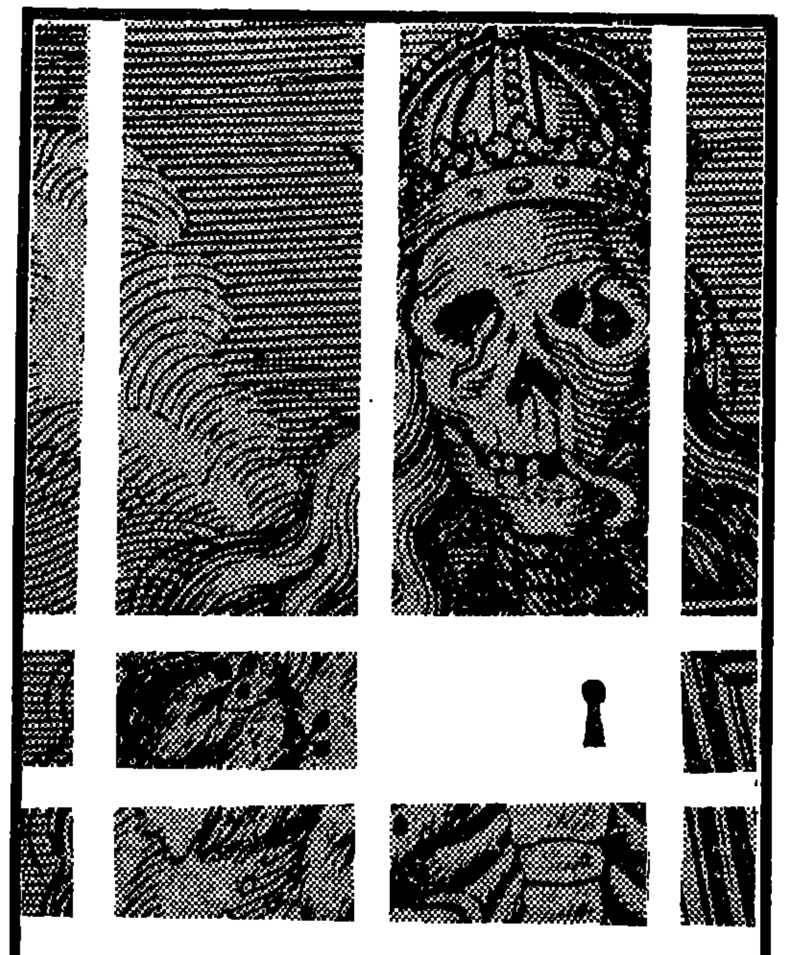
Slowly and unobtrusively I inch my packet of cigarettes out of my pocket. I extract a cigarette halfway to put it within easy grasp. Push the packet up close to Jojo's face. He hesitates. I say: "Take it, do me the honour." He takes the cigarette with an embarrassed grin. The fellow sitting next to him asks for a cigarette too. This time, I won.

In the middle of the rehearsal, a warden brings me a cup of coffee. I refuse. Explain that I don't want to drink alone. Only if he brings coffee to everyone will I drink. He stares at me disbelievingly. A warden serving drinks to prisoners like a waiter? The prisoners chorus: "Drink it, drink it, it's for the guest." I understand that they perceive themselves as hosts; the warden is perceived as a sort of serving-person who makes it possible for them to extend their hospitality. I drink the coffee. Show my pleasure. The prisoners, for their part, show their appreciation of my diplomatic flexibility.

To my left, a middle-aged man. Silver hair. A paunch. Serious. Stonefaced. Killed his girlfriend a few years ago. Jealousy, not money; I try him out in the part of Friendship. He reads intelligently. The part suits him. There's only one word he doesn't pronounce correctly — "intercourse." The other prisoners correct him several times, but he insists on saying "intercross." Maybe he doesn't want to say it right because he thinks it's a dirty word.

They're like natives in a land where tourists don't dare to travel, or just aren't interested in going to. Perhaps they're glad I arrived, a tourist.

The blond one, serving a life sentence. Killed someone. For money, or as it later emerged, out of boredom. Convicted of premeditated murder. Tried to kill himself in jail. We're reading the speech of God as he creates the flowers on the third day. The blond interjects: "*Sitvanit* (meadow saffron), not *stavanit*." I hesitate. Finally I reply: "Yes, *sitvanit* really does sound better." I instruct the actor reading God's speech to say that he scattered "*sitvaniot*" in the fields. The blond smiles victoriously. I suggest that he take the part of Property. No, he would prefer to play Despair. I try him out. He reads the lines drily, but is clearly talented. No doubt, he'll play Despair very convincingly.



Everyman behind bars

Arieh Sachs

From above us, shouts from the solitary confinement area — the "X cells." They're the hopeless cases, they've been crossed off the list. They look down on us from above. Light shines out from some of the grilles in their doors; some are unlighted. The X-men in solitary cells, all alone, above us. The rehearsal ends. The actors return to their sections: Section A, Section B, the "Hilton" section for the favoured ones. I return to Jerusalem.

SECOND REHEARSAL: Someone's singing at the end of the corridor when I come in. It's Death, practising. I tell him to sing "You will glimpse no light in the dark grave" in a deeper voice. The blond is excellent. Loves the Hebrew language. Keeps close track of my corrections in pronunciation. He suggests that I provide him with some false fangs for the part of Despair.

"Friendship" is a bit more relaxed today. I instruct him to steal his dead friend's watch and ring, crying bitterly all the time. To blow his nose loudly. He slips off the watch with great dispatch, but the crying could use some improvement. At the next rehearsal, I'll teach him how to cry crocodile tears convincingly.

Something's not right. Slightly off. Suddenly I realize that I had set up the chairs in such a way as to define the acting space with a cement wall. Referring to the wall, I had said: "That's the audience." I had forced life prisoners to get up one after another according to my instructions, to walk a certain number of predetermined steps and to find themselves speaking my words to a blank wall. Next time, I'll try to repair the damage.

THIRD REHEARSAL: I pass by the outer wall of the prison. Glance at my watch. I'm an hour early. Drive to Lod. Order a Goldstar and some houmus in a café. Find myself struck by stage fright. I remember the "off" feeling and my mistake of the previous week. Has my authority suffered a blow? I made a young man sentenced to life in prison talk to a wall. And these people so sensitive! Each move, each word, any trace of falsity could lead to failure. Have I failed? I'll know soon enough.

Still sitting in the café. I decide to start the rehearsal on an upbeat note. I'll teach "Friendship" to shed the promised crocodile tears. Only a bit of daring will get any results. I plan to demonstrate. I go into the bathroom at the café and stand in front of the mirror, practising unrestrained and exaggerated weeping. This cast some doubt in my mind on my talent for comedy.

Drive to Ramle, nervous and sweating. I'm late. My watch is slow by 10 minutes. The prisoners are waiting for me. They greet me near the stairwell with wide grins and strong warm handshakes. I stop sweating.

The rehearsal flows. Real acting. They learned everything by heart. Prepared themselves well. They declaim with fervour. They tell me how Jojo, who works in the drainage system, stood up to his waist in the reeking muck and practised his part, out loud. Why do they fascinate me so much?

FOURTH REHEARSHAL: Before I leave for Ramle, I do my Pessah shopping at the Supersol. I attempt to extract a promise from the fellow in charge of deliveries *not* to leave the groceries outside my door in my absence. I'm afraid the alley cats will get to the meat. The deliveryman has a violent-looking face. He asks me why I won't be at home. I tell him. A conversation ensues:

Him: To Ramle? To the jail?
Me?: Yes.
Him: What do you do there?
Me: A drama class.
Him: Would you mind saying hello to a friend of mine?
Me: Why not? Is he in for long?
Him: A year and a half.
Me: So what's he doing in Ramle?
Him (apologetically): He's in the receiving and classification centre. He's been there a week. Who do you work with?
Me: I don't give out names.
Him (slightly awed): The big shots, huh?

"Death" is making mistakes, didn't memorize his part. I reprimand him: "You're a born actor and you know it. Aren't you ashamed to be reading from the script?" He lowers his eyes.

I ask the blond to demonstrate his skill in karate. He's amazingly fast. A sudden kick brings his foot very close to my face. I compliment him on his physical fitness. He says: "No, here one gets fat because one doesn't move around enough."

During the night, after the rehearsal, I dream the words: "Suffering from worms and fungus." I wake up. Connect the words with the prison.

FIFTH REHEARSAL: On the terrace of the café I've adopted for my own in Lod. I drink mint tea. Spring. The smell of the orange blossoms from the nearby groves makes me light-headed. Will I be able to smell those blossoms inside the prison walls?

I enter the prison. It's visiting day and a crowd is waiting near the gate. The main language spoken — Arabic.

An enthusiastic rehearsal. "Despair" reveals himself to be a clown. Suggests giving everyone a rope to hang himself with. Clears his throat, twists himself up, makes us laugh. A television reporter comes in, accompanied by the public relations officer of the prison service. His rank: "Master Jailer." Cold eyes. Compressed lips. The reporter and the jailer sit on a bench and watch the rehearsal with frozen expressions. The prisoners lose their focus. Forget their lines. A heavy curse has descended.

I go back to Jerusalem. Feel dejected. My daughter meets me at the door, happy. Her smile lights up the house.

SIXTH REHEARSAL: The spring scent of orange blossoms grows stronger every day.

Jojo came back from 78 hours outside the prison, a Pessah leave for good behaviour. He reeks of arak. It's obvious he hasn't slept since he left the prison. But he came back an hour before I arrived. A big compliment.

They are studying diligently. I'm teaching with enthusiasm. Again, that feeling that making theatre is more appropriate in this place than in the institutions set up for that purpose.

For the play's scene in Hell, I ask them to make animal noises. They start meowing and bow-wowing. I change my instructions and ask them to make a sound like "a mad dog who yearns for his master." They emit exactly the howls I had in

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POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

Tal Haran performing a Bali warrior dance in an evening of Asian dances at the Tel Aviv Museum.

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

KING SOLOMON AND THE COBBLER — Israeli classic musical. (Binyenei Ha'uma, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ILLUMINATUS — By Anton Wilson Robert Shea. Khan Theatre production, directed by Ken Campbell. (Khan, tomorrow, Wednesday, Thursday)

SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD — By Athol Fugard. (Khan, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday)

Tel Aviv area

BATTERED WOMEN — Presented by the Theatre Group. Directed by Nola Chilton. Movement by Daniella Michaeli. (Neve Zedek, 6 Yehieli, Monday at 9 p.m.)

THE FALL — By Albert Camus. Translated, adapted by and starring Niko Nitai. (Jaffa, Hasimta, 8 Simtat Mazal Dagim, tonight at midnight; Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

GOOD — C.P. Taylor's play dealing with the power of rationalization by depicting the life of a "good" German intellectual sympathetic to the Jews, who becomes an SS officer. (Tzavta, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE GROCER'S SHOP — Hillel Mittelpunkt's portrayal of a family of petit bourgeois immigrants from Poland who keep a small grocery in Jaffa. Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, Wednesday and Thursday)

GROS CALIN — Emila Ajar's play about the individual's alienation in a consumer society. Translated and adapted by and starring Niko Nitai. (Jaffa, Hasimta, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

A JEWISH SOUL — By Yehoshua Sobol. (Habimah, Small Hall, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday))

LITTLE INVASIONS — Tragic-comedy based on the works by Baclav Havel and Pavel Kohut. Translated and adapted by Niko Nitai. (Hasimta, tonight at 10; Thursay at 9.30 p.m.)

MEDEA — Habimah production based on the original Euripides play, the Seneca version and adaptation by Robinson Jeffers. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

MOLLY BLOOM — Joanna Peled and her mother Zipora in their version of "Molly Bloom," a monologue from the last chapter of James Joyce's "Ulysses." In English and Hebrew. (Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE PARASITE — Combines puppet theatre and dance. Box Theatre production. (Jaffa, Hasimta, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE PATRIOT — Hanoch Levin's portrayal of a self-proclaimed patriot who dislikes everything his patria stands for. Presented by the Theatre Group. (Neve Zedek, tonight at 10 and midnight; tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

SIGNS AND WONDERS — A journey into mysticism with Oded Teomi. In English. (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THEM — Explores Jewish Arab relationships. Directed by Joe Chaikin. (Neve Zedek, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

BUBA — Hillel Mittelpunkt's play about a 17-year-old hitchhiker and a 40-year-old man, Buba. (Haifa, Municipal Theatre, tomorrow)

ELSEWHERE PERHAPS — Adaptation by Paina Gary and Hanan Snir of a novel by Amos Oz. Revolves around a complex love affair between two kibbutzniks. (Municipal Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

FILUMENA — Comedy by Eduardo de Filippo about a former inmate of a bordello who becomes a good wife and mother. Habimah production. (Municipal Theatre, Sunday and Monday)

KING SOLOMON AND THE COBBLER — Auditorium, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

TASHMAD — Written and directed by Shmuel Hasfari. With Yigal Ganor, Shlomo Toledano, Nadav Ben-Yehuda, Hanna Azulai. (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Other towns

BUBA — (Kiryat Haim, Monday at 10 p.m.)

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD — By Mark Medoff, with Yehoram Gaon, Yola Rosnick and Ruth Geller. (Kiryat Haim, tonight at 9.30; Baram, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE GROCER'S SHOP — (Hadera, Tuesday)

THE IYAR CONNECTION — By Jonathan Gefen. Directed by Itzik Weingarten. (Kiryat Haim, tonight at 8.30)

JUNO AND THE PEACOCK — Sean O'Casey's critical scrutiny of the Irish. Beersheba Theatre production. (Beersheba, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

STORY OF A HORSE — (Givat Haim; Sunday; Ayelet Hashahar, Wednesday; Kfar Tabor, Thursday)

FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

Jerusalem

I CAN DO THIS TOO — Creative theatre for children aged 5-10 and their parents. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults also welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

CLASSICAL AND LIGHT — Concert with explanations presented by Amos Meller. (Jaffa, Hasimta, 8 Simtat Mazal Dagim, tomorrow at 5.00 p.m.)

ISRAEL BALLET — Programme for the whole family. (Beit Hehayal, Tuesday at 5 p.m.)

RUTHI'S UMBRELLA — Based on a story by Dina Djatlovsky. For kindergarteners, first and second graders. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

TAMARI'S HUT — Children's theatre. (Shahaff, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

YONAT TELLS STORIES — Songs, stories, surprises. (Jaffa, Hasimta, 8 Simtat Mazal Dagim, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

Haifa

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — American folksongs. (Haifa Museum, Tuesday)

PETER AND THE WOLF — Play with music by Prokofiev. For ages 5-12. (Shavit, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.)

Other towns

BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY — Programme for the whole family. (Eilat, Thursday at 5.30 p.m.)

PETER AND THE WOLF — (Ramat Gan, Tarbut Vehetzi, tomorrow at 11 a.m.; Nazareth, Nurit, Sunday at 4.30 p.m.; Tiberias, Aviv, Monday at 4 p.m.; Kiryat Haim, Beit Nagler, Tuesday at 4 p.m.; Beit She'an, Matnas, Thursday at 5 p.m.)

SONGS OF BIALIK — With Bilha Mass and Meir Willger. (Tiberias, Monday and Tuesday at 5 p.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 9.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

FOLKLORE AND MODERNISM IN ISRAELI MUSIC — Danny Akiva, guitar, Eli Kahn, soprano, Yehoshua Rechtman, violin, Idit Segev, piano. Works by Zvi Avni, Yehezkel Brown, Paul Ben-Haim, Ami Ma'ayani, Aaron Charlap, Danny Akiva. (Israel Museum, tomorrow)

THE SCHOLARS — Renaissance music, madrigals and chansons. (YMCA, Sunday)

NOON CONCERTS — Programme dedicated to Rodrigo. Idit Segev, piano, Shmuel Magen, cello, Eli Kahn, soprano. (Hebrew University, Mt. Scopus campus, Monday at 1.30 p.m.) Madrigal Singers. (Givat Ram campus, Tuesday at 1.30 p.m.)

YOUNG COMPOSERS — Works by Daniel Oppenheim, Ron Colton, Oded Assaf, Stephen Horenstein. (Israel Museum, Thursday)

MEETING WITH COMPOSER GEORGE ROCHBERG — (Hillel House, 4 Balfour, Wednesday)

Tel Aviv area

PIANO RECITAL — Julia Lipmanovitz plays works by Bach, Beethoven, Liszt. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, 51 Ussishkin, tonight)

FLUTE AND PIANO RECITAL — Rami Tal and Sara Yanovsky-Tal play works Handel, Messiaen, Prokofiev. (Yuval, tomorrow)

THE SCHOLARS — Details as for Jerusalem (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.; Kfar Saba, Auditorium tomorrow)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Pedro Calderon, conductor, Cho-Liang Lin, violin. Ginastera: Jubilum; Prokofiev: Violin Concert no. 1; Haydn: Violin concerto no. 1; Respighi: Feste Romane. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday) Sidney Harth, conductor, Simcha Heled, cello, Haim Yuval, oboe. Bach: Suite no. 3; Boccherini: Cello Concerto; Bach: Concerto for violin and oboe; Haydn: Symphony no. 91. (Mann Auditorium, Tuesday) Sidney Harth, conductor, Emanuel Krasovsky, piano. Suppe: Light Cavalry overture; Grieg: Piano Concerto; Prokofiev: Lieutenant Kije suite; Tchaikovsky: Capiccio Italen. (Mann Auditorium, Thursday)

ISRAEL BAROQUE PLAYERS — From Baroque to Rococco. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

ISRAEL SINFONIETTA Ronald Braunstein, conductor, Claude Frank, piano. Haydn: Symphony no. 91; Barber: Adagio for strings; Beethoven: Piano Concerto no. 1 in C Major, op. 15. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

THE VIOLIN IN BAROQUE MUSIC — Lecture-recital by Sonia Monosoff. (Central Library for Music and Dance, 26, Bialik, Tuesday)

JAZZ AND THE PIANO — Music teachers seminar with Yossi Mar-Haim. (Central Library for Music and Dance, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

CELLO AND PIANO RECITAL — Emanuel Gruber and Michael Boguslavsky play works by Haydn, Schumann and Beethoven. (Yuval, Tuesday)

VIOLIN AND PIANO RECITAL — Benny Braude and Cilla Braude play works by Debussy, Tartini and others. (Yuval, Thursday)

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC — Emily Berendsen, mezzo-soprano, Michael Melzer, flute, Loka Salzmann, violin, Marina Boderenko, harpsichord. Works by Genzmer, Henze, Avni, Iranyi, Gulay, Zimmerman, Franks-Williams. (Goethe Institute, 4 Weizmann, Thursday)

Haifa

FLUTE AND HARP RECITAL — Efrat Lavry and Yael Reindorff play works by Bach, Faure and others. (Haifa Museum, Tuesday)

Other towns

ISRAEL SINFONIETTA — Details as for Tel Aviv. (Beersheba, Conservatoire, tomorrow, Sunday, Monday and Wednesday).

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Lior Shambadal, conductor, Batsheva Savaldi, Kolberg, violin, Ehud Avihail, English horn. Beethoven: Coriolanus overture; Saint-Saens: Concerto no. 3; Yohanan Boehm: Concerto for English horn; Shostakovich: Symphony no. 9. (Nahariya, Hod, Wednesday).

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (King David Hotel, Sunday at 9.00 p.m.; Windmill Hotel, Tuesday at 9.00 p.m.; Hilton, Little Theatre, Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed by Michael Schneider, Jill Goldwasser and Barry Langford. In English. (Hilton, Little Theatre, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

DANCE FREE — Improvisations to music. (Tel Or, 1 Hahistadrut, Sunday)

FOLK AND BLUES — Inkblot Hurricane. (Zorba the Buddha, 9 Yoel Salomon, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — Flavour of Israel dancers, Pa'amei Teyman folkdancers, Khalifa drummers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12a Emek Refaim, tomorrow and Monday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Freddy Weisgal, piano; Saul Gladstone, trumpet; Eric Heller, bass. (Katy's Restaurant, 16 Rivlin, today from 2.00 to 5.00 p.m.; American Colony Hotel, Cellar Bar, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

ME, SIMON AND LITTLE MOISE — With Yosi Banal. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday and Thursday)

ONEG SHABBAT — Sing along with Danny Ziff. (Plaza Hotel, tonight at 9)

RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE MUSIC — Classical guitar and flute music. (Zorba the Buddha, 9 Yoel Salomon, tomorrow at 8.00 p.m.)

SOUNDS OF JERUSALEM — Hassidic rock with Haim David; Fusion music; with Gulio Glantz and Itzhak Attias. (Israel Centre, 10 Straus, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

VOICES — Hava Alberstein. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow)

YIDDISH & HEBREW FOLKSINGING — with Danny Ziff. (Plaza Hotel, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

YOUR PEOPLE ARE MINE — Pop musical based on the Book of Ruth. In English. (Hilton, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ARIK LAVIE — (Beit Lessin, tomorrow and Thursday at 10 p.m.)

ARIEL ZILBER — (Moadon Shablul, Dizengoff Centre, tonight and Wednesday)

AWAKENING — With Shem-Tov Levy. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at midnight)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — (Dan Hotel, Sunday at 9.30 p.m.; Hilton, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

CHILDREN OF THE CITY — Written and directed by Dan Almagor. (Beit Lessin, 34 Weizmann, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

DANNY SANDERSON — In "Lifesize." (Bat Dor, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at 9.30 and midnight, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

DON'T LEAVE ME — Musical depicting four periods in the settlement of Israel. (Beit Lessin, Monday at 8.30)

A GYPSY BALLAD — Songs and soul music with singer Andre Zeig. Orisha Albin, violin and mandolin, Baldi Oller, flamenco guitar, Benzi, bass guitar. (Beit Lessin, tonight at midnight; Wednesday at 10 p.m.)

ILANIT — (Rehovot, Wix, tomorrow at 8.30)

(Continued on page C)

Jerusalem Cinemas

CINEMA 1 סינמה
in Jerusalem Cinema
Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067

Nov. 19 at 2;
Clash Of The Titans
Marathon Man
Sat., Nov. 20:
French Lieutenant's Woman
7, 9.15
Sun., Nov. 21;
Clash Of The Titans 7
Marathon Man 9.15
Mon., Nov. 22:
Casanova 6.45
French Lieutenant's Woman 9.15
Tue., Nov. 23:
The Champ 6
French Lieutenant's Woman 8.30
The Champ 11 p.m.
Wed., Nov. 24:
The Champ 5
The Champ 7.15
Felini's "Casanova" 9.30
Thur., Nov. 25;
The Champ 5.30
Play It Again Sam 7.45, 9.30

EDEN
Sat. 7, 9
Weekday 4, 7, 9
A Pirate Festival
BLACK PIRATES

EDISON
THE SEA WOLVES
- * GREGORY PECK

Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur. 3.30
RED BALLOON
WHITE HORSE
Tue., 6, 8.30;
MORGAN

KFIR
4th week
Sat. 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9
WHO DARES WINS

MITCHELL
MISSING
- * JACK LEMMON

6.45, 9

ORGIL
4, 7, 9
I LOVE YOU
- * SONIA BRAGA

ORION Tel.222914
2nd week
HIGH RISK
- * ANTHONY QUINN
- * JAMES COBURN
- * JAMES BROLIN

Adults only
Sat. 7, 9; Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORNA Tel.224733
5th week
- * SHLOMO TARSHISH
- * HEMDA LEVY
- * YASSIN SHWAF

Eastern Wind
HAMSIN
Sat. 7, 9; Weekdays 4, 7, 9
Adults only

RON
3rd week
Sexy summer night's comedy
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SEX COMEDY
- * MIA FARROW
- * JOSE FERRER

4, 7, 9

SEMADAR
2nd week
FAME!
Sat. 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 7, 9.15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENEI HA'UMA
LOLA
7, 9

Tel Aviv Cinemas

ALLENBY
3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 6.45, 9.30;
Weekdays 6.30, 9.15
FAST WALKING
- * JAMES WOODS
- * KAY LENZ

BEN YEHUDA
Israel Premiere
I LOVE YOU
- * SONIA BRAGA

Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE,

CHEN 1
10th week
VICTOR VICTORIA
- * JULIE ANDREWS
- * JAMES GARNER
- * ROBERT PRESTON

Tonight 9.35, Sat. 6.50, 9.30
Weekdays 4.10, 6.50, 9.30

CHEN 2
5th week
Tonight 9.50, 12.15
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.25, 7, 9.30
SHOOT THE MOON

CHEN 3
3rd week
RAGTIME
Tonight 10; Sat. 6.30, 9.20
Weekdays 6.20, 9.15

CHEN 4
5th week
JUNGLE BOOK
Tonight 12.05
Sat. 6.30, 8.30, 10.30
Weekdays 4.30, 6.30, 8.30, 10.30
Mat. 10.30: BLUES BROTHERS

CHEN 5
8th week
SINGING IN THE RAIN
Tonight 10.05, 12.25
Sat. 7, 9.25
Weekdays 4.25, 7, 9.25
10.30 a.m., 1.30
COALMINER'S DAUGHTER

CINEMA ONE
FAME
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DRIVE-IN
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 9.30
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
- * MARLON BRANDO

Sat. 6:
SPIDERMAN
Sat. and weekdays 7.15
SNOOKER
12.15 (midnight): SEX FILM

CINEMA TWO
8th week
MEETING WITH REMARKABLE MEN
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA TWO — TEL AVIV
Special screening today
Today at 2.30
A most exciting Australian film
MY BRILLIANT CAREER

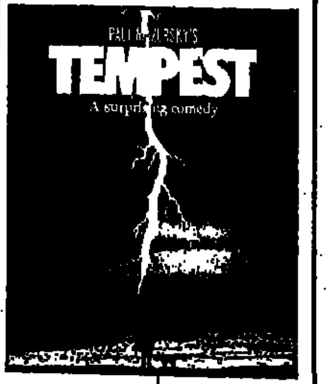
DEKEL

Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

ESTHER Tel. 225610
2nd week
FIRE FOX
Sat. 7.45, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9.30

GAT
5th week
MISSING
Starring:
JACK LEMMON
SISSY SPACEK
Directed by: COSTA GAVRAS
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

NEW CINEMA GORDON
83 Ben Yehuda Rd., Tel. 244373
3rd week
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30
New film by Paul Mazursky
("An Unmarried Woman")



- * JOHN CASSAVETES
- * GENA ROWLANDS
- * SUSAN SARANDON
- * VITTORIO GASSMAN

HOD
Tonight at 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
KAZABLAN
- * YEHORAM GAON

INSTITUT FRANCAIS
111 Hayarkon St.
Sat. 7.30:
Romy Schneider Festival
UNE FEMME DE LA FENETRE
Tue: 7.30:
MAX ET LES FERRAILLEURS

LEV I
Dizengoff Center, Tel. 288868
3rd week
- * MICHAEL CAINE
- * CHRISTOPHER REEVE
- * DIANE CANNON

DEATH TRAP
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.15, 7.15, 9.30

LEV II
6th week
Dizengoff Center, Tel. 288868
Eastern Wind
HAMSIN
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LIMOR
Tonight 9.30, 12 midnight
Sat. and weekdays 6.30, 9.15
A new release
Stanley Kubrick's
CLOCKWORK ORANGE
Today 2.30: THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL
Sat. 11 a.m.:
MISSION GALACTICA

MAXIM
REMEMBER MY NAME
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekday 4.30, 7, 9.30

MOGRABI
12th week
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
"A heavyweight hit!
A boxoffice knockout!" (Time)
ROCKY III
- * SYLVESTER STALLONE
- * TALIA SHIRE

ORLY
Israel Premiere
A LITTLE SEX
- * TIM MATSON

Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PARIS
4th week
Tonight midnight
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 7.15, 9.30
Hungarian film
A PRICELESS DAY

PEER
8th week
- * ROMY SCHNEIDER

in her last film
LA PASSANTE DE SANS-SOUCI
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

SHAHAF
6th week
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SEX COMEDY
Written and directed by
Woody Allen
Starring: Woody Allen, Mia Farrow, Jose Ferrer, Julie Hagerty, Tony Roberts, Mary Steenburgen

TAMUZ
Ramat Aviv, 17 Brodetzky St., Tel. 412761
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 7.15
AIRPLANE

Tonight 12; Sat. and weekdays (exc. Tue.) 9.30
GALLIPOLI

Today 2.30; Sat. 1.15, 11.45 p.m.; Tue. 9.30
STRAW DOGS

Sat. 11 a.m.; Tue., Thur. 4
JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH

STUDIO Tel. 295327
4th week
Musical comedy for the entire family.
אז מען גיט — נעמט מען
- * YAACOV BODO

Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.15
Weekdays 4.30, 6.30, 8.30
Hebrew and English subtitles

TCHELET 5th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
LIFE OF BRIAN
- * MONTY PYTHON

TEL AVIV
Israel Premiere
The Last Charge of the Calcutta Light Horse
THE SEA WOLVES
- * GREGORY PECK
- * ROGER MOORE
- * DAVID NIVEN
- * TREVOR HOWARD

Tonight at 10
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
10th week
BYE BYE BRAZIL
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ZAFON
3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
The loves and future of a man fighting his hidden past
STIGMA
Directed by Uri Barabash

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE
3rd week
- * YAACOV BODO

in a Yiddish Musical Comedy
TAKE IF YOU ARE OFFERED
English-Hebrew subtitles

AMAMI
SHOOT THE MOON
- * ALBERT FINNEY
- * DIANE KEATON

6.45, 9

ATZMON
I LOVE YOU
- * SONIA BRAGA

("Donna Flor and Her Two Husbands")
4, 6.45, 9
Adults only

CHEN
EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX
4, 6.45, 9

GALOR
From Friday
At 10, 2, 6
EYE OF THE NEEDLE
- * DONALD SUTHERLAND

At 12, 4, 8
Alfred Hitchcock's
BIRDS

ARMON
2nd week
FIRE FOX
- * CLINT EASTWOOD

Sat. 6.30, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

KEREN OR
Sat. and weekdays (exc. Tue.)
6.45, 9
FAME
Today 2.40; Tue. 6.45, 9
WUTHERING HEIGHTS
Mat. Mon., Wed. 4
MUPPET MOVIE

MORIAH
9th week
FOUR FRIENDS
6.45, 9

ORAH
MAKING LOVE
- * KATE JACKSON

("Charlie's Angels")
4, 6.45, 9
Adults only

ORION
I AM A WOMAN
6 nonstop performances
A sexy attraction for adults only

ORLY
Haifa Premiere
FROM MAO TO MOZART
- * ISAAC STERN

6.45, 9

PEER
2nd week
Great prizewinning film of 1982
MISSING
- * SISSY SPACEK
- * JACK LEMMON

Sat. 6.45, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

RON
4th week
4, 6.45, 9
WHO DARES WINS

SHAVIT
- * BARBARA SHAKOVA

in the sensational film
LOLA
6.45, 9

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON
5th week
VICTOR VICTORIA
Tonight at 10
4, 7, 9.30

KFAR HAMACCABIA
Today 2.30: INCREDIBLE HULK
Weekdays 4:
Sat. 7.30, 9.30:
LAST TYCOON
Mon. 7.30, 9.30:
ANNE OF A THOUSAND DAYS
Tue. 7.30, 9.30
EARTHQUAKE
Thur, 7.30, 9.30:
MAHOGANY

LILY
3rd week
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays
7.15, 9.30
FOUR FRIENDS
(Georgia)

RAMAT GAN
3rd week
Tonight at 10;
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30
Israeli film
STIGMA
Please come on time

OASIS
Tonight 10; Weekdays 7.15, 9.15
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
ATLANTIC CITY, U.S.A.
Mat. 4.30: SLEEPING BEAUTY

ORDEA
Tonight 10; Weekdays 7.15, 9.30
WHO DARES WINS

Petah Tikva Cinema

SHALOM
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.15
SHARKY'S MACHINE

HERZLIYA Cinema

TIFERET
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.15
KAZABLAN

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL
Weekdays 6.15, 9.15; Sat. 6.30, 9.30
RAGTIME
Mat. 4.30: THE CIRCUS

SAVOY
Israel Premiere
THE SEA WOLVES
- * ROGER MOORE
- * GREGORY PECK
- * DAVID NIVEN

NETANYA Cinema

ESTHER
3rd week
WHO DARES WINS
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.15

Ramat Hasharon Cinema

STAR
Tonight 9.30; Weekdays (exc. Mon.) 7.15
CHRISTIANE F

Today 11.30; Weekdays (exc. Mon., Tue.) 9.30
THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN

Sat. 11 a.m.; Tue., Wed., Thur. 4
BLACK STALLION

Sat. at 1; Tue. 9.30
KNIFE IN THE WATER

Hod Hasharon Cinema

BARAK
Today 10; Sat. 7.15; Mon. 9.30; Tue., Thur. 7.15
ESCAPE TO VICTORY

Sat. 11.30 a.m.; Tue., Thur. 4
SPIDERMAN STRIKESS AGAIN

Sat. 9.30; Sun. 7.15; Tue., Thur. 9.30
SHARKY'S MACHINE

Sun. 9.30; Mon. 7.15: MASSADA

Wed. 7.15; NIGHT MY BELOVED

CINEMA 2 — Tel Aviv
Special screening
Today at 2.30
An exciting Australian picture
MY BRILLIANT CAREER

MAGDA
Dental Laboratory
Urgent false teeth repairs in half an hour.
66 Allenby St., Tel Aviv,
2nd floor. Tel. 621069

The Cameri Theatre of Tel Aviv — **Israel Theatres** — **Habima** The National Theatre

ELSEWHERE, PERHAPS
Tomorrow, Nov 20. Tue, Dec 7

THE FOREST
Last performance
Sun, Nov 21

GOOD
Tzavta, Sun., Nov. 21
and Mon., Nov. 22 with simultaneous translation

AMADEUS
First performances
Reduced price tickets.
from Sat., Nov. 27

THE STORY OF A HORSE (Strider)
Tomorrow, Nov. 20, 7.00. 9.30

MEDEA
Last performance
tomorrow, Nov 20. 8.30

A JEWISH SOUL
Sun. Nov 21; Mon., Nov. 22
Tue. Nov. 23. 8.30

THE SHOP
Wed. Nov. 24. 8.30

ההתאחדות עולי אמריקה וקנדה בישראל
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ENTERTAINMENT

(Continued from page A)

JAZZ — The Nigun Performers. (Hasimta, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.); Danny Gottfried & Co. (Mo'adon Shablul, Monday)

JAZZ CELLAR — (Beit Lessin, Sunday at 10 p.m.)

JAZZ-ROCK — Tal Bergman, Haim Romano and Haim Kahtan. (Moadon Shablul, Thursday)

MATTI CASPI — (Tzavta, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

NURIT GALRON — (Beit Lessin, Monday at 10 p.m.)

ONE-TIME ACT — Shlomo Bar Aba, Gidi Gov, Shlomo Yadav, Moni Moshonov, Yoni Rechter, (Tzavta, Tuesday at 8.30)

OPHIRA GLUSKA — With singer Ruth Bikel and Israeli folklore troupe and a pantomime artist. (Old Jaffa, The Cave, tonight, tomorrow and Monday through Thursday)

SONGS OF THE POETESS — Poetry of Leah Goldberg, Rahel, Zelda and others. With Ora Zitner and Hagit Ben-Ami. (Beit Ariela, Wednesday at 8.30)

SHLOMO GRONICH AND SHEM-TOV LEVY — (Tzavta, tomorrow at 8 and 10.30 p.m.)

SHALOM HANOCH — (Petah Tikva, Sharett, tomorrow; Tzavta, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

SONGS — SACRED AND PROFANE — With Meir Ariel. (Hasimta, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

THE SPIRIT OF ISRAEL — Folklore show. (Hilton, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

YITZHAK KLEPTER — (Mo'adon Shablul, Tuesday)

VOICES — (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30)

Haifa

CHILDREN OF THE CITY — (Shavit, tonight at 9.30)

HAIFA, HAIFA — Cabaret by Shimon Israeli and Moike Levanon. (Municipal Theatre, Tuesday)

Other towns

HAGASHASH FESTIVAL — (Carmiel, tonight at 9.30)

JAZZ — Michael Greenblatt, piano, Sol Berenson, saxophone. (Herzliya, Sharon Hotel, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

ONE-TIME ACT — (Kiryat Haim, tonight at 9.30)

SAFAD'S OLD JEWISH QUARTER — Conducted tours including synagogues and cemetery. (Contact: Chaim Sidor at the Jewish Book Store, Defender's Square or leave message at 067-72760)

SHALOM HANOCH — Naharlya, tonight; Ashdod, Cinema, Wednesday at 9 p.m.; Ayelet Hashahar, Thursday)

DANCE

Jerusalem

JERUSALEM DANCE COMPANY — (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ASIAN DANCES — Dances from India, Bali and the Philippines, With Tami Kedar, Vera Goldman, Ran Shinar, Einat Eventov, Tal Haran. (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday at 9 p.m.)

DANCE AND THEATRE OF ASIA — Videos and lecture by Ya'acov Raz. (General Library for Music and Dance, Thursday)

THE ISRAEL BALLET — Les Sylphides (Michael Fokine); Untitled (Berta Yampolsky); Graduation Ball (David Lichine). (Beit Hehayel, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact Box Office.

FILMS IN BRIEF

ANNIE HALL — Woody Allen's personal film about the relationship between an ill-matched couple. Touching, humorous and totally convincing with the usual stock of terrific verbal and visual gags.

THE BLACK STALLION — Based on Walter Farley's popular novel series by the same name, this is the tale of a boy, a horse, a shipwreck, a beautiful island and love. Some very beautiful photography of boy, horse and magnificent scenery offset a too-often replayed plot. A summer winner for young people.

THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL — An excellent thriller based on a modern-day Nazi plot to rebuild the Aryan Race. Dr. Josef Mengele, the infamous Auschwitz doctor, is alive in Paraguay and plans a scheme with his Nazi cohorts that is so terrible yet so believable that the audience responds not only with feelings of suspense but also of horror. Gregory Peck, Laurence Olivier, James Mason and Lilli Palmer make an excellent cast.

THE CHAMP — This second remake of Wallace Beery's classic 1931 MGM film tells the story of a prizefighter who, because of liquor, destroyed his career. The love of his son gives him the strength to make a comeback. Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway and Ricky Shroder star in this shmaltz-filled tear jerker that never wins our sympathy.

CHRISTIANE F. — Uldrich Edel reconstructs the true story of a 13-year-old girl's journey from normal childhood to drug addiction and, child prostitution.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE — Stanley Kubrick's 1971 futuristic film abounds in violence and sex, in a cold, surreal setting.

COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER — Sissy Spacek re-enacts the life story of Loretta Lynn, America's number one Country and Western singer today. A rich experience — even for those with an aversion to Country and Western music.

DEATHTRAP — A mechanical whodunit about a burned out playwright prepared to do mayhem, in order to satisfy his professional and personal whims. With Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve.

EARTHQUAKE — A traditional blockbuster. "Earthquake" has skyscrapers collapsing amidst burning streets and dams bursting. Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner star, Richard Rowntree does an Evel Knievel, Lorne Greene, wheeler deals, and George Kennedy kills a berserk National Guardsman who, having already shot three of his mates, tries his hand etc. at rape. Action packed.

EYE OF THE NEEDLE — The translation of Ken Follet's spy novel into a movie turns out to be pretty routine. Donald Sutherland has the impossible role of ruthless killer and sensitive lover. And Kate Nelligan, who has been praised as an important new actress, should not have to play the part of a tearful lady in distress.

FAME — An exuberant explosion of young acting, singing and dancing talents lights up the screen in a multi-faceted story purporting to describe life at the New York High School of Performing Arts.

FIREFOX — Clint Eastwood directs himself as an ace American pilot sent to steal the latest Soviet plane, from under the Russians' nose. Half thriller, half special effects, neither very original.

FOUR FRIENDS — Spanning a period of eight years, the film focuses on four young Americans reaching maturity in the 1960s. Probably one of the most touching tributes to America — filled to its brim with contradictions.

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN — Brilliant — if somewhat too intellectual — adaptation of John Fowles' bestseller by director Karl Reisz and playwright Harold Pinter. Meryl Streep is superb as the tormented, almost pathological Sarah.

FROM MAO TO MOZART — Academy-Award winner for best documentary, the film covers violinist Isaac Stern's visit to China, and shows him performing, listening and instructing. The successful encounter between two vastly different musical traditions suggests a possible common denominator for all peoples.

HAMSIN — Jews and Arabs clash in a Galilee moshav, as the government is about to expropriate unregistered Arab lands. A sobering look at the troubled relations between the two peoples, gradually escalating into pure hatred. Daniel Wachsman directs his cast with a sure hand and establishes an authentic background.

KAZABLAN — Colourful home-made Israeli *shmaltz* with hero Yehoram Gaon happily singing his way through various interesting Sephardi-Ashkenazi problems while finally finding the heroine's heart.

THE LAST TYCOON — F. Scott Fitzgerald's last novel about movie boy-wonder moghul Irving Thalberg (Robert De Niro) and his inexplicable romance with a young girl, set in 1930's Hollywood. Full of Harold Pinter pauses, Elia Kazan directorial coaching, Tony Curtis and Jeanne Moreau with mustache and lipstick.

LOLA — Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film is an updated version of the thirties classic *The Blue Angel*. With an excellent cast and costumes designed with great care for period authenticity, the film still leaves one with an impression that the author is imposing his presence on his characters.

MAHOGANY — Puerile film about the rise to fame and fortune as fashion model and designer of a girl from Chicago's black ghetto. With Diana Ross, Anthony Perkins, Billy Dee Williams and Jean-Pierre-Aumont. Silly script and crude direction don't give cast much of a chance.

MARATHON MAN — A Jewish student in New York gets entangled in financial and political intrigue centring around a former concentration camp commander. Adapted by William Goldman from his own best-selling book. Directed by John Schlesinger.

A MIDSUMMERNIGHT'S SEX COMEDY — A beautifully photographed Woody Allen comedy of morals, uncomfortably placed at the turn of the century. Acting is excellent but the wisecracks are too thin to dissimulate their pointlessness.

THE MUPPET MOVIE — Structured like a "Wizard of Oz" odyssey, The Muppet Movie reveals how Kermit the Frog and his gang were enticed to Hollywood to make millions of people happy. A must for Muppet-maniacs.

MY BRILLIANT CAREER — A beautifully crafted Australian film about a young woman in the 1890's, who refuses to be put in the places usually reserved for women. Expertly told with humour and heartache and complimented by fine performances the film makes for a memorable time.

LA PASSANTE DE SANS-SOUCI — Based on the novel by Joseph Kessel, Jacques Rouffio's film deals with the pre-war aspects of the Holocaust. It recounts the story of a small Jewish boy whose father was killed in a pogrom. Starring Romy Schneider, in her last part before she died, and Michel Piccoli.

PLAY IT AGAIN SAM — Written by and featuring Woody Allen in his role as the social inadequate fantasizing about being as devastating as Humphrey Bogart in 'Casablanca.' One of his best.

RAGTIME — Milos Forman's film falls short of E.L. Doctorow's novel which describes every class and milieu in early 20th century America. However the cast perform well and the photography is outstanding.

SPIDERMAN STRIKES BACK — After being bitten by a radioactive spider Peter Barker discovers that he has extraordinary strength. As Spiderman he attacks the forces of evil that, in this episode, are trying to atom bomb Los Angeles. Compared to the super suave, ultra-masculine Superman, Spiderman comes across as a klutz at best. A low budget film with a cast of unknowns... it's better that way.

STIGMA — A young Israeli, just released from a mental hospital has to face marital crisis and service in the reserves. Strong dramatic scenes linked by weak narrative line. Good performances by Arnon Zadok and Dalik Wollinitz.

TEMPEST — A successful architect, unsatisfied with his life, his wife and his surroundings, takes a breather on a deserted beautiful island, accompanied by his teen-age daughter, a gorgeous drifter and a not-so-dumb native. Wise, charming and splendidly performed by John Cassavetes, Gena Rowlands, Susan Sarandon and Raul Julia, to name just a few of an outstanding cast.

VICTOR VICTORIA — Based on a 1923 German film of the same name, this movie is the complicated story of a jobless British soprano in pre-war Paris who eventually becomes famous. Brilliantly made. Lots of charm and skill.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS — Remake of film adapted from Emily Bronte's novel about the strange and haunting love of Catherine and Heathcliff in pre-Victorian England.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

A taste of paprika

MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

I HAVE what I hope is a healthy suspicion of chain restaurants, establishments with every nook and cranny serving what is all too often mediocre standardized fare.

My sympathies are with the little man, preferably the individual who knows a certain type of cuisine well and decides to present it to the public. The problem here is that if the food is good, there is generally an increasing demand for it. The restaurant gets bigger and often sets up one or two branches. At that point, there is a tendency to slide into the second-rate, serving dishes that are but a shadow of their original selves.

Thus it was with a great deal of misgiving that I visited the Jerusalem branch of Hungarian Blintzes at 36 Rehov Ben Yehuda. I had eaten at the establishment in the Little Tel Aviv area, at the northern end of Dizengoff, and found it quite good; but I had grave doubts if it could extend itself.

The Jerusalem restaurant is tastefully furnished in shades of brown and beige. The chairs are well-padded, although we found that they did not quite fit our backs. The service was quick and pleasant.

TO MY disappointment, the Hungarian caviar soup, so alluringly listed on the menu outside, was not available. Since the restaurant is kosher, the caviar could not be true sturgeon roe, but I still have to learn whether the soup contains cod or herring roe, or perhaps just some sort of eggplant.

We did, however, share a bowl of the special vegetable soup, which admirably blended fresh and tinned vegetables, together with a generous helping of paprika. It was rich and satisfying, and I could well imagine making a light meal of that alone.

In fact, we enjoyed watching two young American girls having what appeared to be a special meal out on a very limited budget. They first shared a main course, then a dessert and, apparently well satisfied, carefully counted out their money to split the bill as well.

WE, OF COURSE, were duty bound to try as many dishes as possible. So I ordered blintzes filled with mushroom goulash and a special piquant sauce on top. The goulash proved that tinned mushrooms need not be inferior if properly presented and seasoned, and I enjoyed the dish very much.

I should also mention that, with the proliferation of blintz and crêpe restaurants around the country, I have often been presented with dishes straight from the oven in which pancake, filling and sauce were all one indistinguishable mass. That sort of thing can fill you up fairly cheaply, but it's hardly a treat for the palate.

At Hungarian Blintzes, on the other hand, the blintz was firm and fresh tasting. Clearly someone who knew what he was doing was back there in the kitchen.

Even more astonishing were my companion's potato-and-sour-cream blintzes. These, wonder of wonders, were served without a sauce at all, so that one could see the two plump blintzes in their pristine glory, dusted with a pinch of paprika. In fact, there was a great deal of paprika in everything except the dessert. Why not? That's what Hungarian cooking is all about.

We also tried a glass of the restaurant's home-made lemonade, which we found rather too sweet for our taste.

For dessert, I allowed myself to try a cold blintz with chocolate cream and nuts. The cream, evidently home-made, was rich and smooth and absolutely delicious. Just to make sure the dish was rich enough, there was a generous glob of whipped cream on top. Ah, bliss!

My companion was a bit more restrained in her choice of hot almond-cream blintzes. They were quite good, but after wallowing in my own chocolate cream, I could hardly appreciate them. The coffee, served with hot milk, was excellent.

The bill came to IS583.

AFTER an experience like that, it is difficult for me to tell people to run out and make their own blintzes, which takes much time and trouble. Still, I feel that I should describe the blintzes that I enjoy most at home, the simple cheese variety.

Take about a cup of flour and stir in an egg and about three-quarters of a cup of water. The batter should be the consistency of sweet cream, and if necessary, add more water or flour. Expert cooks even add a little more water as they go along, since the flour sinks to the bottom of the bowl.

Heat one or more frying pans and grease them with just a little butter. If you always wondered why your mother saved the paper from the butter, it was for this very purpose. If you have thrown away all the butter wrappers, then you can use a piece of stale bread.

Pour into the pan just enough batter to cover. Let it cook long enough to set and empty out on a dish towel. Do not fry blintzes on both sides. Grease the pan again after every two or three blintzes.

For the filling, use a solid white cheese, without too much salt, mixed with cottage cheese. Add sugar sparingly, so that the cheese taste predominates, and an egg or two to keep the mixture from running when it is cooked.

Gently roll a spoonful or two of the filling in each pancake, folding in the sides to make a neat package. Just before serving, fry in hot butter on both sides, just long enough to brown.

If you must, sprinkle the blintz with sugar and cinnamon. For my part, I like it served with classic simplicity, accompanied only by sour cream. ☐

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Ashdod
Olympia Theater, Tues., Nov. 30 at 8 pm.

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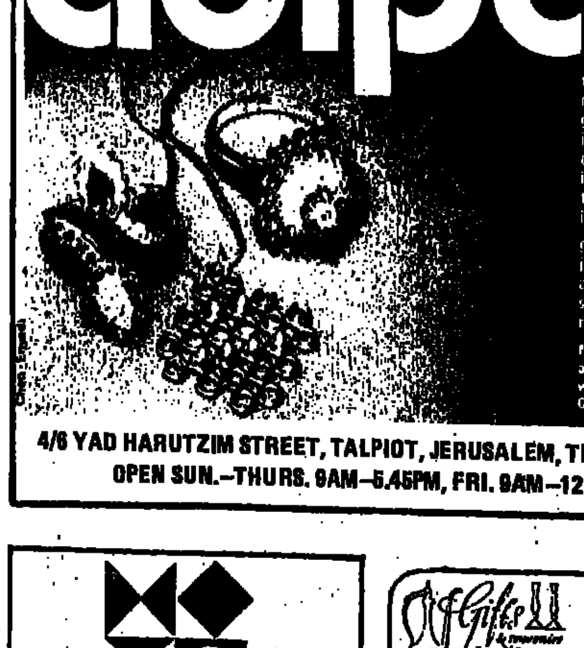

israel film archive - jerusalem
NOVEMBER 19–26
Fri. at 2 pm: *Preparez Vos Mouchoirs* with Gerard Depardieu
Sat. at 7.30 pm: *Klute* with Jane Fonda, Donald Sutherland
9.30 pm: *Romeo and Juliet*, Franco Zeffirelli
Mon. at 7 pm: *The Devils*, Ken Russell
9.30 pm: *Women in Love*, Ken Russell
Tues. at 4 pm: FOR CHILDREN *The Great Divide*
7 pm: *Cloak and Dagger*, Fritz Lang
9.30 pm: *For Your Eyes Only* with Roger Moore
Wed. at 7 pm: *A Man and a Woman*, Claude Lelouche
9.30 pm: *The Long Goodbye*, Robert Altman
Thurs. at 7 pm: Animation Films
9.30 pm: *The Fugitive*, John Ford
11.30 pm: *Saturday Night Fever* with John Travolta
Fri. at 2 pm: *Panne e Ciocolatte* with Nino Manfredi
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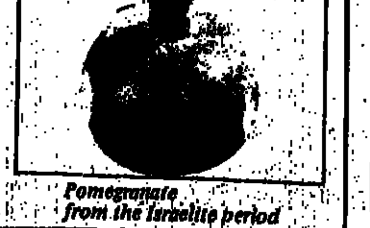

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Object lessons

Max Frisch.

THEATRE / Uri Rapp

EVERY STUDENT of theatre in the country should see the two short plays currently being staged in Tel Aviv in order to learn, first, how it should not be done, and second, how it can be done.

How it should not be done. A recipe: take a great playwright (Max Frisch) and his very popular, topical play (*Biedermann and the Fire-Raisers*) add one of the best Hebrew translators (Nathan Sach), one of the best stage designers in the country (Eli Sinai), the most experienced music arranger we have (Poldi Schatzmann), a group of enthusiastic actors (all kibbutz members), a sponsor liked by everyone (the Kibbutz Movement), and then make a hash of it (director: Helena Kurkin).

This is a wonderful play for professionals and amateurs alike. It has a message and it is still fresh after 25 years. It is short (less than 90 minutes), has one or two well-developed characters, a thrilling plot, and some memorable scenes and visual effects. Although it is thoughtful it makes you smile; and though threatening in its political implications, it is not controversial.

However, the production is alternately boring and hysterical, sometimes both at the same time. Characterization is flat, one-dimensional; the actors move woodenly when not jumping around hysterically; relevant points are either lost or blurred; the setting is not used to advantage; the chorus has a lethal seriousness that gets in the way of a very interesting text — and so on and so forth.

I am fond of the Kibbutz Theatre and admire their efforts, and I love this play. But this time I was glad it was short, glad to get out into the rain.

HOW IT CAN be done. I am not in favour of taking narrative fiction and turning it into drama. The genres are too different, and the dramatic adaptation too often relies on the merits of the writer, since the adapter usually isn't a competent and experienced dramatist (otherwise he would write a play of his own).

But if it must be done — and Itzhak Ben-Ner's beautiful little story almost invites it — everything depends on the actor's skill and art.

Cairo-February 78 is done very well. The story is emotional and heart-rending. It has some gripping surprises, especially near the end, and a very interesting portrayal of two opposed characters: the shabbily elegant, highly civilized, strongly emotional and somewhat decadent "European" Israeli newspaperman working desultorily for some unimportant foreign newspapers, a man without roots and with no mother-tongue, but a nice guy trying to outlive a tragedy; and the down-to-earth sabra from Rehovot, arrogant and pushy, yet poetically minded, responsible in his journalistic work, active in the reserves and in all of Israel's wars, and profoundly rooted in what is sometimes called "the beautiful Eretz Yisrael."

The background is a chance meeting in Cairo, and the Cairo street milieu is surprisingly well done. The adaptation (by Itzhak Shauli) is faithful to the original and still dramatic enough to be well staged. The one-hour show is performed by a single actor who tells the story purely from the point of view of the "European" character.

Alex Peleg has proved himself in the past to be a fine performer who can hold an audience by himself, as he does this time. His narrow face and slim figure exude a distinct masculine charm. His voice has considerable range and his diction is clear and precise — no small matter if compared with the usual sloppy pronunciation of Israeli actors. Although very emotional, the performance does not slip into sentimentality. There is a certain aura of mystery contributed by the verbal description of the Cairo scene, and a haunting evocation of a dead woman around whom the relationship between the two men is built.

The sabra is seen only from the point of view of his adversary, and unfolds slowly and strangely in Peleg's presentation.

This time I was sorry the performance was so short; many in the audience were reluctant to get up and leave, and remained seated or standing for a while, thinking about what they had just seen. ☐

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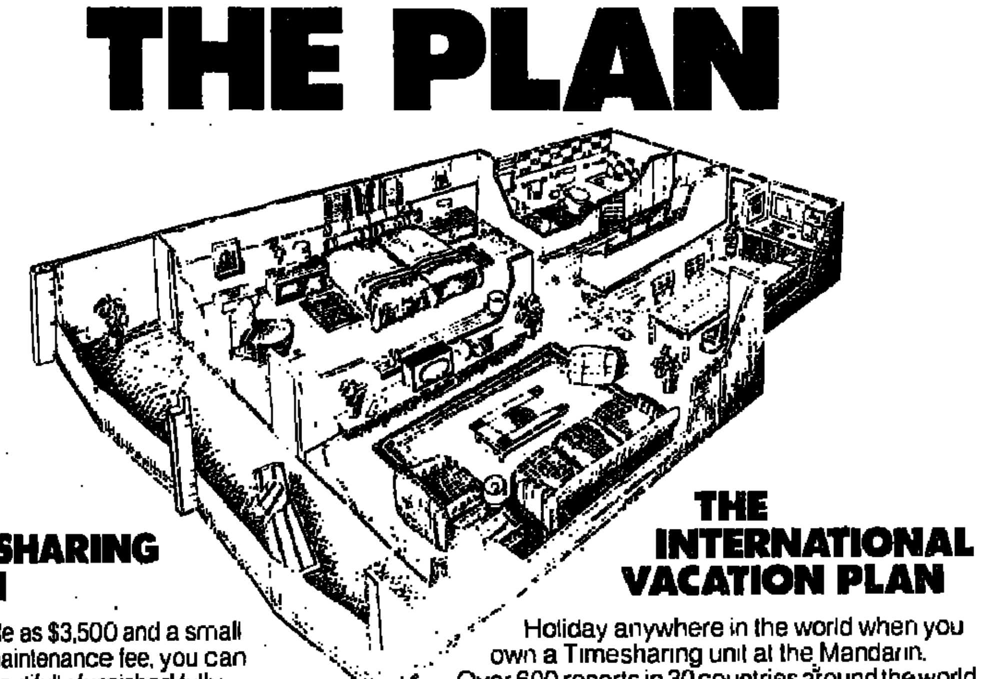
THE PLAN



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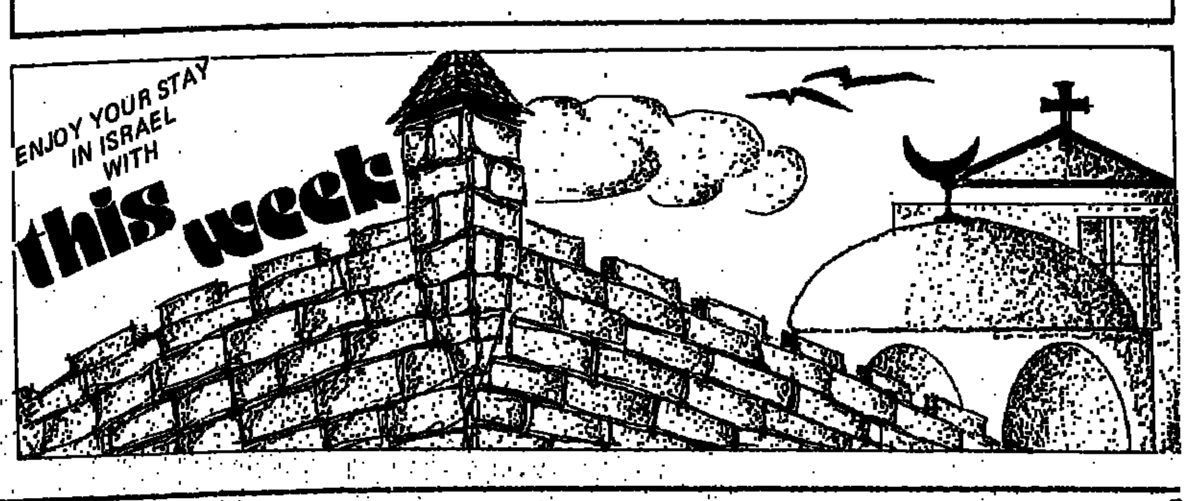

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CHESS
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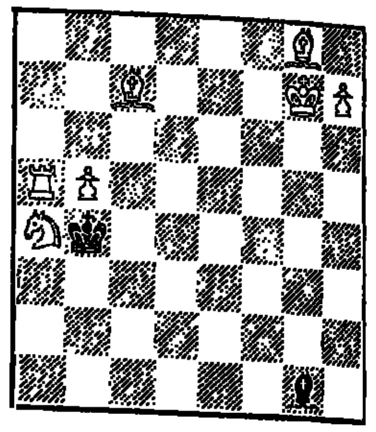
Problem No. 3095
A. KRAEMER, West Germany
1950



White mates in four (7-2)

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3094 (Barnes). 1.Kb 31 threat 2.Qb4x: 1. — B any, Bf2, Bd4, Kd4 2.Nfd3, Nf3, Ned3, Nc6x.

THE BIGGEST olympiad ever opened on October 30 in Lucerne. Nearly 100 men's teams and 60 women's teams are participating.

Among the men, the struggle for the gold medals will probably be between the Soviet Union and Hungary. The Russians are expected to take first place in the women's event.

Israel's men's team is composed of Yehuda Gruenfeld, Ya'acov Murey, Lev Gutman, Natan Birnboim, Shimon Kagan and Alon Grinfeld. The absence of IGM Vladimir Liberson will be felt. The women's team will probably finish at the bottom of the table, as only Lena Glaz at the first board can be a match for the strong opponents.

OUTSTANDING GAME

OF THE countless games played in the previous 24 olympiads, the following one from the 1962 Varna olympics stands out because of the daring play of former world champion Mikhail Tal.

TAL (USSR)	HECHT (West Germany)

1.d4 Nf6 2.c4 e6 3.Nf3 b6 4.Nc3 Bb4 5.Bg5 Bb7 6.e3 h6 7.Bh4 Bc3 8.bc3 d6 9.Nd2 e5 10.f3 Qe7 11.e4 Nbd7 12.Bd3 Nf8?! (loss of time. Correct was 12.— g5 13.Bf2 Nh5 14.g3 Ng7 15.Qe2 h5, as in the game Botvinnik-Keres, 12th USSR championship). **13.c5!** (the first sacrifice) **13.— dc5 14.de5 Qe5 15.Qa4 c6?** (15.— Nfd7!) **16.0-0 Ng6 17.Nc4 Qe6 18.e5!** (the beginning of a stupendous combination). **18.— b5** (but not 18.— Nh4 because of 19.Nd6 Kf8 20.Qh4, and Black is in trouble). **19.ef6!** (unbelievable!) **19.— ba4 20.fg7 Rg8 21.Bf5!!** (After sacrificing the Queen, White now offers the choice of capturing two pieces, but the capture of either of them leads to grave trouble). **21.— Nh4 22.Be6 Ba6 23.Nd6 Ke7 24.Bc4! Rg7 25.g3 Kd6?!** (better was Bc4, with drawing chances). **26.Ba6 Nf5?!** (26.— Rb8!) **27.Rab1 f6 28.Rfd1 Ke7 29.Re1 Kd6 30.Kf2 c4** (30.— h5!) **31.g4 Ne7 32.Rb7 Rag8 33.Bc4 Nd5 34.Bd5 cd5 35.Rb4 Rc8?** (Disastrous error, after which Black is helpless. He should have played 35.— h5!) **36.Ra4 Rc3 37.Ra6 Kc5 38.Rf6 h5** (too late) **39.h3 hg4 40.hg4 Rh7 41.g5 Rh5 42.Rf5 Rc2 43.Kg3 Kc4 44.Re-e5!** (the 'g' pawn can not be stopped now and reaches the goal before his 'd' adversary). **44.— d4 45.g6 Rh1 46.Rc5 Kd3 47.Rc2 Kc6 48.Kf4 Rg1 49.Rg5. Black resigns,** since after 49.— Rg5 50.Kg5 d3 51.g7 d2 52.h8Q d1Q, the move 53. Qb3, is decisive. □

Skill-sharpener

BRIDGE
George Levinrew

HUGH KELSEY, the British bridge analyst and writer, has two new books in the Master Bridge Series. (*Test Your Communications* and *Test Your Card Reading*, London. Victor Gollancz Ltd., 1982, paperback, 80 pp. each, £2.95).

Each book has 36 problems in play. On one page you will see the North and South cards, the biddings. You are asked to plan your play after the opening lead or the first tricks. On the overleaf, analysis and solution are presented.

Problems are progressively more difficult, in a successful attempt to sharpen readers' skills.

The communications problems can be divided into two categories — improving contact between dummy and dealer, and destroying defenders' lines of communication.

The two books are highly recommended.

Vul: E — W

West	North	East
	♠ A K 8 2 ♡ 10 9 8 5 4 ◊ A K ♣ 10 3	
♠ J 5 ♡ K J 7 6 2 ◊ Q J 3 ♣ K 9 4		♠ Q 10 9 6 4 ♡ A Q ◊ 10 9 7 5 2 ♣ 6
	South (D) ♠ 7 3 ♡ 3 ◊ 8 6 4 ♣ A Q J 8 7 5 2	

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
3♣	Pass	5♣	All Pass

THE OPENING bid of three clubs is a fairly typical pre-emptive. South counts his hand as worth six-plus tricks. If partner has little or no strength, opponents might very well have a game or even a slam. When South sees the dummy, he knows that a game by East-West could probably not be bid nor made, and that he has a good play for game.

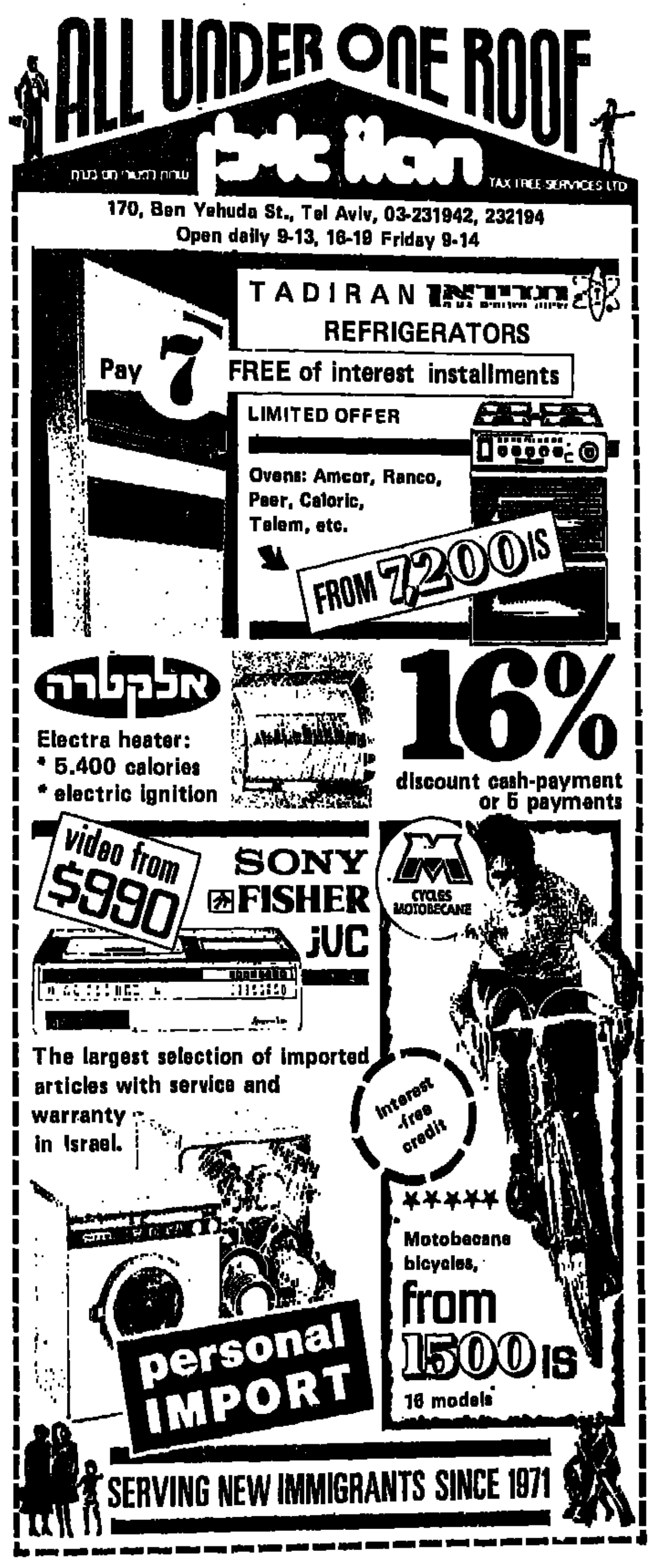
The diamond queen is the opening lead. East follows with the deuce.

Your problem as South is to plan the play. You have a losing trick in hearts and a potential loser in clubs and in diamonds. You may be able to ruff the losing diamond in dummy, but that must be done before trumps are extracted.

If you try to win a second high diamond and then to return to hand with the club ace in order to ruff a third diamond you could be in trouble. Were you to exit from dummy with a heart East might win; his play of another diamond would establish two trump tricks for the defence.

Similarly an effort to return to hand by ruffing a third spade would have the same result.

Your safe play for the second trick is to immediately give up a heart. Now you cannot be prevented from returning to your hand by ruffing a heart after trumping the losing diamond in dummy. □



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The Garden of Eden

Just around the corner from the Central Bus Station, you will discover Shoshana's Restaurant and Delicatessen, run by Shoshana who happens to be an incredible cook. The kosher menu reflects a refined palate; happily, too, her Yemenite heritage is apparent. The first course is "memuleim," the true Middle Eastern specialties that range from "kubeh" to "cigares."

Shoshana outdoes herself on second course offerings, such as pot roast or tongue cooked with plums. Fruit plays a large part in the menu: schnitzel with raisins, pineapple, apple and apricot. For those less enamored with fruit, a variety of vegetables, grilled meat or meat-filled blintzes are excellent choices.

Order the stuffed dates for dessert. They are filled with walnuts, then cooked and covered in a honey and nutmeg sauce — a veritable taste of the Garden of Eden. In addition, Shoshana caters for all occasions. For a truly memorable family or business event, call Shoshana. Shoshana's Restaurant and Delicatessen, at 2 Moriah Street, is open Sunday to Thursday, noon to 10 pm. For reservations, call (02) 536064.

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[illegible]

The Week's TV/Radio Highlights

NOVEMBER 19 — NOVEMBER 25

FRIDAY

Audrey Hepburn
TV, 22.10

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.15 Literature 8.35 The History of Eretz Yisrael 9.00 Math/Geometry 6 9.15 Citizenship 7-9 9.35 Our Hour 10.00 Elementary School Science 10.30 Music 4-6 11.00 Judaism 7-9 11.30 Society and Culture 12.30 Music 13.00 Society and Culture 13.30 This is it — youth magazine (repeat) 14.30 Everyman's University: The Age of Revolutions

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
15.00 Mickey and Donald — cartoons
15.25 Sabbath Eve Programme

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
17.30 News roundup
17.32 Arabic film
19.25 Road Safety
19.30 News
19.55 Programme Trailer

HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with the Sabbath Eve Programme presented by Rabbi Avidor Hacohen
20.15 Weekly News Magazine
21.15 The Good Hour — Meni Pe'er's bi-weekly interview and entertainment show
22.10 Two for the Road. Stanley Donen's comedy stars Albert Finney and Audrey Hepburn. Music by Henry Mancini.
24.00 News.

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
10.25 Cartoons 13.00 The Muppet Show 13.40 Those Amazing Animals 14.00 Star Soccer 15.45 Emergency 16.30 The Waltons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Hollywood Stars 21.00 One Hundred Great Paintings 21.30 Family 22.00 News in English 22.15 Crown Court

RADIO 1st

6.11 Musical Clock
7.07 This Morning — news magazine followed by Morning Melodies
8.05 Bach: Suite No.2 for Flute and Strings; Dvorak: Quartet, Op.87 (Murvitz, Bornstein, Bergman, Saltzman); Beethoven: Cello Sonata No.4, Op. 102, No.1 (Starker, Buchbinder); Zvi Snonit: Canzone for Orchestra (Jerusalem Symphony, Rodan); Smetana: Vysehrad (Dresden, Berglund)
10.05 Beethoven's Early Quartets — Quartet, Op. 59, No.3 (Amadeus)
11.00 Sephardi Traditions
11.15 Elementary School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for All
12.05 [illegible] Memories from Childhood [illegible] Alexander Wolkov)
13.00 [illegible] One-Act [illegible]
14.10 Children's programmes
15.00 Sabbath Eve Programme
16.05 Boccherini: Flute Concerto (Gazzeloni, I Musici); Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No.1 (Emile Gilels, New Philharmonia, Lorin Maazel)
17.00 Literary Magazine
17.35 Programmes for Olim
20.05 Respighi: Suite No.2 (Los Angeles, Marriner); Mozart: Violin Concerto in B-flat Major, K.207 (Henryk Szeryng, New Philharmonia, Gibson); Beethoven: piano Sonata No.21, Op. 53, Waldstein (Ashkenazy); Dvorak: Symphony No.3, Op. 10 (London Philharmonic, Kertesz)
21.51 The Art of Song — Schubert: Die Schöne Müllerin, part 1 (Peter Schreier, Karl Engel)
22.30 On Second Thoughts
00.05 After Midnight — music

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.32 Agricultural Broadcasts
6.35 Editorial Review
6.54 Green Light — drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning — news magazine
8.05 All Shades of the Network — morning magazine
12.05 A Hole in the Net
13.00 Midday — news commentary, music
14.10 Sheshet — weekend programme
17.15 Foreign Affairs Magazine
18.05 Books are Friends — interview with pianist Arieh Vardi
19.05 The Weekly Column
20.05 Shabbat songs
21.05 Sephardi songs
21.35 Yiddish songs
22.05 Spotlight — civil and state affairs magazine (repeat)
23.05 Between Friday and Saturday — Yitzhak Livni interview Eli Horwitz, President of the Manufacturers' Association
00.10 Hebrew songs

Army

6.00 Morning Sounds
7.07 Songs
8.05 IDF Morning Newsreel
9.05 Morning Party — with Erez Tal
11.05 Mama's Voice — special regards to soldiers
12.05 On Drivers and Traffic — weekend traffic reports, music
14.05 Have a Good Time — with Molly Shapira
16.05 Musical Matches
17.05 With Ourselves
18.05 Popular Opinion — Yosef Lapid's debate show
19.05 Words and Tunes — Hava Alberstein talks to Shmulik Kraus
20.15 Mabat Newsreel
20.30 Friday Concert — Bach: Suite; Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 4 in G Major; Chopin: Ballade No. 4 in F Minor; Chopin: Grande Polonaise; Haydn: Symphony No. 89 in F Major
23.05 Shabbat Star — Elton John
00.15 For Me and You — with Gadi Livne

BBC

1322 kHz.
World Service newsreels at 14.00, 17.00 and 20.15.

SATURDAY

Lori Lethin
TV, 22.30

TV

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.00 News roundup
18.02 Littlest Hobo
18.30 The Cultural Life of Israel's Arabs (part 3)
19.00 Foreign Entertainment
19.30 News

HEBREW PROGRAMMES begin at 20.00 with a programme for the end of the Sabbath
20.30 Benson: Pete the Hero
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Mabat Sport
22.30 The Wave. A teacher thinks the best way to illustrate the mental atmosphere that allowed the German people to deny culpability for — and the very knowledge of — the genocide going on around them during the Nazi Reich, is to recreate that atmosphere for his students. Starring Bruce Davidson, John Putch and Lori Lethin
23.20 Tales of the Unexpected: Back for Christmas. Starring Richard Johnson and Sian Phillips
23.45 News

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.50 The Super Seven 18.00 French Hour 18.30 (JTV 3) That's Incredible 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 To be announced. 21.00 Doctor 21.30 Entertainment 22.00 News in English 22.15 Feature Film.

RADIO 1st

7.11 Vivaldi: Concerto for Three Violins (Zukerman); J.C. Bach: Quartet for 2 Flutes, Violin and Cello (Rampal, Zukerman); Leclair: Violin Concerto; Saint-Saëns: Heroic March
8.05 Bach: Harpichord Concerto in D Minor (George Malcolm, Menuhin); Schubert: Symphony No.1 (Berlin Philharmonic, Karl Boehm)
9.00 World of Science
9.25 Notes and Shadows
10.10 The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, Igor Markevitch conducting, with Gilah Yaron, soprano — Prokofiev: Classical Symphony; Markevitch: Psaume; Mahler: Symphony No.1
12.05 Radio Drama
13.00 Stage and Screen
14.10 Children's programmes
15.00 Debussy: Ballade (Herut Israeli); [illegible]: Ballade for Violin Solo (Moti Shmit); Reinecke: Ballad (Carmi, flute; [illegible]
[illegible] The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, Zubin Mehta conducting, with Yehudi Menuhin — Kaminski: Symphonic Prelude; Bloch: Violin Concerto; Beethoven: Symphony No.3
23.00 Amnon Abinoami's talk show
00.20 Night Music — works by Karol Rathaus

2nd

7.11 Songs
8.05 A Matter of Taste — with Haim Keinan
9.05 Give a Smile — skits, jokes
9.55 Sights in Israel — with Azaria Allon
10.05 Weekly News Magazine
11.05 Interview with Shai K. Ophir
12.05 The 30th Anniversary of the Prague Trials
13.10 All Shades of the Network — selections from the weekday programmes
14.10 Songs and Goals — reports from weekend soccer games, music
17.05 Beautiful Land
18.05 Hebrew songs
18.30 Sports Magazine
19.05 Middle East Crossroads
20.10 Bible Reading — Psalms 138
20.22 Potpourri of music
21.05 Weekly News Magazine
22.05 Programme for the end of the Sabbath
23.05 Every Man has a Star — with astrologist Ilan Pecker

Army

6.00 Morning Sounds
8.05 Songs
9.05 Happy Choir — children's programme
10.05 Smiles — Songs and skits
11.05 Two on the Road — Ehud Manor and Nurit Hirsch
12.05 Entertainment
13.05 Personal Questions — Ya'akov Agmon interviews Prof. Motti Ravid, director of the Department of Internal Medicine at the Meir Hospital
14.05 It all flows
16.05 Middle of the Road — Gideon Lev-Ary interviews successful young people
17.05 The Approaching Winter on the Eastern Front
18.05 Literary Magazine
19.05 Musical Box
20.05 On Jewish Tradition
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.35 Hebrew songs
22.00 Jazz Hour
23.05 Popular Opinion (repeat)
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat with Avi Koren

ENGLISH LANGUAGE BROADCASTS

7.00, 14.00, 17.00, 20.00
Special daily features following the news at 14.00
SUN. Israel Mosaic — weekly magazine
MON. You're On the Air — Live phone-in.
TUE. Mainstream — information and consumer magazine
WED. Forum — discussiom
THUR. Studio Three — arts in Israel.
FRI. Thank Goodness It's Friday — Sabbath eve programme
SAT. Weekend — weekly newsreel
These broadcasts can be heard on the Fourth programme 738 kHz. In the Jerusalem area 675 kHz, in Central Israel 1026 kHz.

SUNDAY

James Last
TV, 22.25

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.15 Special Education — Our Hour 8.40 Math/Geometry 6 8.55 Language and Communication 3-5 9.20 Nature 5-6 9.40 Programme for Kindergarteners — Pretty Butterfly 10.10 English 6 10.30 Literature 7-9 10.55 English 10 11.20 Geography 5-6 11.50 English 9 12.15 English 8 12.40 Science 9-12 13.10 Advice and Guidance 7-9 15.00 Authors' Tales; Islamic Tradition (repeats) 16.00 Fistuk's House 16.20 The Legend of King Arthur (part 3) 17.00 A New Evening — live magazine

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 The Man from Atlantis (part 8)
18.20 Animated film

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Tarzan and the Forbidden City
19.00 Weekly News Magazine

HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.03 Closed Circuit Television. Documentary followed by a studio discussion
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Programme Trailer
21.45 Second Look — news commentary and background: The cultural gap between different communities in Israel (part 1)
22.25 Star Parade — with James Last and his guests
23.15 Ladies' Man: Games (part 1)
23.40 News

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 18.05 (JTV 3) The Muppet Show 18.30 (JTV 3) Mr. Merlin 19.00 News in French. 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Taxi 21.10 Knife Edge 22.00 News in English 22.15 Vegas

RADIO 1st

6.11 Musical Clock
7.07 This Morning — news magazine followed by Morning Melodies
8.05 Benda: Sinfonia in B-flat Major; Scheidt: Psalm 103; Beethoven: Piano Sonata No.23, Op.57, Appassionata (Ashkenazy); Dvorak: Piano Quintet, Op.81; Cappla: Epiphany, for Cello and Orchestra; Cappla: Suite for piano 4 hands
10.05 Handel: Suite No.8 in F Minor; Milhaud: French Suite; Boscovich: [illegible]
[illegible] (English Chamber Orchestra, Uri Segal); Mozart: Symphony No.29 (Haifa Symphony, Doron Salomon); Gelbrun: Four Pieces for Strings (Israel Chamber Orchestra, Yoel Levy)
13.00 Jewish Musical Tradition
14.10 Children's programmes
15.25 Middle East Crossroads
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 The Feast of St. George at the Greek Orthodox Church, Lod (part 2)
16.30 Sunday Concert — Purcell: Te Deum; Bach: Magnificat
17.35 Programmes for Olim
20.05 Everyman's University
20.35 Weekly Chamber Concert — The Scholars from England play music from the Renaissance, Madrigals and Chansons
23.00 Contemporary Music — Haim Alexander Nabot (Jerusalem Symphony, Capolongo); Moshe Kilon: Unforgettable Dreams (Magnetic Tape); Haubenstock-Ramati. Twice Two; Jano Tecks: Dialogue; Helmut Eder. So-No-Ro-2
00.10 The Golden Generation — historical recordings.

2nd

6.12 Road Safety
6.50 Road Safety for Children
7.00 This Morning — news magazine followed by special Road Safety message by the President of the State of Israel
9.30 Road Safety — interviews with drivers
10.30 Road Safety quiz
11.30 Skits with Yehuda Barkan and Moshe Timor
13.00 Midday — news commentary, music
14.10 Road Safety programmes
16.30 Perpetuum Mobile — musical quiz
17.10 Magazine
17.25 Road Safety programmes
19.00 Today — news magazine
20.05 After the Emergency Ward
20.47 Bible Reading — Psalms 139
21.05 Road Safety programmes
23.05 Live Road Safety radio games

Army

6.06 Morning Sounds
6.30 University on the Air — Prof. David Flusser lectures on the Essenes Sect
7.07 On Drivers and Traffic — traffic reports, music
8.05 IDF Morning Newsreel
9.05 Right Now — with Yitzhak Ben-Ner
11.05 Musical Requests — with Shira Gera
12.05 Israeli Autumn — with Eli Yisraeli
14.05 Two Hours — music, anecdotes, interviews and reviews
16.05 Four in the Afternoon — Hebrew songs
17.05 IDF Evening Newsreel
18.05 Sports Magazine
19.05 Music Today — introduced by Orly Yaniv
20.05 Golden Oldies Hit Parade
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Personal Questions (repeat)
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat with Erez Tal

EASY HEBREW BROADCASTS

First programme: News daily at 6.54 a.m. (Saturday 7.04) News and features daily at 5.35 p.m.

MONDAY

Star Wars
Educational TV, 16.15

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.15 Citizenship 7-9 8.35 English 6 8.50 Geography 7-9 9.20 English 5 10.05 Mathematics 4 10.30 Programme for Kindergarteners 11.00 Spoken Arabic 11.15 Math/Geometry 6 11.30 Math/Geometry 5 11.45 English 7 12.05 English 8 12.30 Literature 9-12 13.05 High School Science 15.00 Everyman's University: Master Class; Emerging African Nations 16.00 Handicrafts 16.15 Star Wars (part 2) 16.40 The Universe and I 17.00 A New Evening — live magazine

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 3, 4, 5½
17.50 The Children of the New Forest (part 3)
18.30 Cartoons

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Sports
19.27 Programme Trailer
19.30 news

HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.03 Fame. Part 6 of a 16-part series based on the film about a New York performing arts school: The Sell Out
20.50 Stop — weekly road safety corner
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 In a Spin. Drama produced by Israel Television about a 19-year old who is dropped from a Pilots' Training Course
22.00 This Is the Time — weekly interview show
22.50 Hart to Hart — adventure series starring Robert Wagner and Stephanie Powers
23.35 News

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 18.25 (JTV 3) Little House on the Prairie 19.00 News in French 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 House Calls 21.10 Sara Dane 22.00 News in English 22.15 Hart to Hart

RADIO 1st

6.11 Musical Clock
7.07 This Morning — news magazine followed by Morning Melodies
8.05 Mendelssohn: Cantata; Mozart: Clarinet Concerto, K.622 (Yona Ettlinger, Israel Philharmonic, Celibidache); Mozart-Bach: Prelude and Fugue in G Minor; Jacoby: Little Suite (Jerusalem Symphony, [illegible]); Haydn: Trio in [illegible]
11.15 Elementary School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for All
12.05 Beethoven: Piano Sonata No.32, Op. 111 (Zachariah Plavin); Pierne: Cello Sonata, Op.46 (Raphael Sommer, Daniel Adni)
13.00 Sibelius: Festivo (Gibson); Viero: Piece for Orchestra; Ben-Haim: Suite, Hill 24 doesn't answer (Noam Sheriff); Britten: Suite on English Folktunes (Bernstein)
14.10 Children's programmes
15.30 World of Science (repeat)
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Haydn: Symphony No.94 Surprise (New York, Bernstein); Brahms: Violin Sonata, Op.78 (Grumiaux); Debussy: La Mer (Paris, Martinon)
17.35 Programmes for Olim
20.05 Everyman's University
20.35 From Radio Holland — The Radio Choir, conducted by David Atherton — Stravinsky 4 Russian Peasant Songs; Debussy: Hail to Spring — the Radio Orchestra, conducted by Hans Funk — Daniel Hoexter, piano — Dvorak: Piano Concerto, Op.33 — the Radio Chamber Orchestra, Richard Dopelo conducting — Shostakovich: Symphony No.14, Op.135 (Stefanie Weitovitz, Isser Bushkin)
22.30 Reflections on the Portion of the Week by Rabbi Zephania Drori
23.00 Talks with Musicians — Shabbetai Petrushka (part 2)
00.10 Choral Music — Schumann: 6 Romances for Women's Choir, Op.69 (Stuttgart). Dufay: Kyrie

2nd

6.12 Road Safety
6.50 Road Safety for Children
7.00 This Morning — news magazine followed by Road Safety programmes
9.30 Road Safety — interviews with drivers
10.30 Road Safety quiz
11.30 Skits with Yehuda Barkan and Moshe Timor
13.00 Midday — news commentary, music
14.10 Road Safety programmes
16.30 Perpetuum Mobile — musical quiz
17.10 Magazine
17.25 Road Safety programmes
19.00 Today — news magazine
20.05 A Day in the Life of a Traffic Policewoman
20.47 Bible Reading — Psalms 140
21.05 Road Safety programmes
23.05 Live Road Safety radio game

Army

6.06 Morning Sounds
6.30 University on the Air — Endocrinology
7.07 "707" — with Shlomo Artzi
8.05 IDF Morning Newsreel
9.05 Right Now — with Rafi Reshef
11.05 Musical Requests — with Shira Gera
12.05 Israeli Autumn — with Eli Yisraeli
14.05 Two Hours — music, anecdotes, interviews and reviews
16.05 Four in the Afternoon — Hebrew songs
17.05 IDF Evening Newsreel
18.05 Army and Defence Magazine
19.05 Music Today
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.35 University on the Air (repeat)
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Middle of the Road (repeat)
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat with Yael Dan

TUESDAY

Avi Penini
TV, 17.30

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.15 Judaism 7-9 8.40 English 5 9.00 English 8 9.25 The History of Eretz Yisrael 10.10 English 6 10.25 Math/Geometry 5 10.40 English 7 11.00 Math 4 11.20 English 9 11.40 Advice and Guidance 7-9 12.05 Science 7-8 12.30 English 10 13.00 History 13.30 Music 15.00 Ma Pitom. Geography: Henry Hudson's last journey (repeats) 16.00 Documentary — The Victorian Era 17.00 A New Evening — live magazine

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Marzipar — cartoons
18.00 Faster, Higher, Stronger — sports magazine

ARABIC-LANGUAGE pogrammes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 What's the Answer?
19.00 Documentary — Tourism '82
19.30 News

HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.03 Another Hit
20.30 Kolbotek — weekly consumer magazine
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Trapper John M.D. Comedy-drama series about a doctor's life 25 years after he served in a front-line M.A.S.H. unit during the Korean police action. Starring Pernell Roberts
22.20 Takeover. A company directed by an ambitious young man struggles with a larger company toying to take it over. Starring Michael Hogan, Susan Petrie and John Ireland
23.40 News

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.40 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 18.20 (JTV 3) The Flying Kiwi 19.00 News in French (JTV 3) Candid Camera 19.30 News in Hebrew 19.45 Magazine Zero One 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Bless This House 21.00 News in English 22.15 Love Boat

RADIO 1st

6.11 Musical Clock
7.07 This Morning — news magazine followed by Morning Melodies
8.05 Mozart: Nocturne, K.286 (St.Martins, Marriner); Grieg: Peer Gynt, Suites; Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole, Op.21 (Kyung Wha Chung, Montreal, Dutoit); Tchaikovsky: Suite from Swan Lake
10.05 Bach. Suite No.2; Respighi Arie e danze Antiche, Suite No 3; Bartok: Dance Suite
[illegible] Orchestra, [illegible]; Ravel: Tombeau de Couperin (Israel Sinfonietta, Gerard Devos); Debussy: Etude No.18; Chopin: Etude No.9 (Emmanuel Ax)
13.00 Tom Krause, baritone; Zinka Milanovitch, soprano, sing arias from operas by Mozart, Verdi, Borodin and Giordano
14.10 Children's programmes
15.25 Education for All
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Notes and Shadows (repeat)
16.40 From the Record Library
17.35 Programmes for Olim
20.05 Everyman's University
20.35 Cilla Grossmayer, soparano; Irena Kaganovska, harp; Alan Tchaikoff, clarinet; Oscar Gottlieb Blarr, organ — works by Blarr, K. Salomon, P. Ben-Haim, Yaacov Gilboa, Bach and Medek
23.00 Shmuel Almog's talk show
00.10 Music from the Renaissance and the Baroque periods

2nd

6.12 Road Safety
6.50 Road Safety for Children
7.00 This Morning — news magazine followed by Road Safety programmes
9.30 Road Safety — interviews with drivers
10.30 Road Safety quiz
11.30 Skits with Yehuda Barkan and Moshe Timor
13.00 Midday — news commentary, music
14.10 Road Safety programmes
16.30 Perpetuum Mobile — musical quiz
17.10 Magazine
17.25 Road Safety programmes
19.00 Today — people and events in the news
20.10 The Rehabilitation of Accident Victims
20.47 Bible Reading — Psalms 141
21.05 Road Safety programmes
23.05 Live Road Safety radio game

Army

6.06 Morning Sounds
6.30 University on the Air — Rafi Ventura talks about the ancient Egyptian civilization
7.07 "707" — with Shlomo Artzi
8.05 IDF Morning Newsreel
9.05 Right Now — with Yitzhak Ben-Ner
11.05 Musical Requests — with Shira Gera
12.05 Israeli Autumn — with Eli Yisraeli
14.05 Two Hours — music, anecdotes, interviews and reviews
16.05 Four in the Afternoon — Hebrew songs
17.05 IDF Evening Newsreel
18.05 Sc Social Affairs Magazine
19.05 Music Today — music magazine
20.05 Rock Plus
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.35 University on the Air (repeat)
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Classical Favourite — with Pinhas Eidan
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat with Eli Yisraeli

French
7.15 (Fourth, Fifth) 15 min. including review of Hebrew press
14.30 (Fourth, Fifth) 30 min.
18.05 (Fourth) 5 min.
20.15 (Fourth) 15 min.
22.30 (Fifth) 25 min.
24.00 (Fifth) 30 min.

WEDNESDAY

Mordechai Priman
TV, 20.03

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.15 The History of Eretz Yisrael 8.40 English 8 9.05 Spoken Arabic 9.20 English 7 9.40 Ma Pitom 10.10 English 6 10.25 Literature 10.45 Nature 5-6 11.05 Math/Geometry 11.20 English 6 11.40 Literature 10.45 Nature 5-6 11.05 Enlglish 9 13.00 Science 9-12 13.35 English 9 15.00 Everyman's University: Introduction to Life Sciences; The Kindergarten Years; Plant Growing 16.00 Those Were the Days 16.30 Pretty Butterfly 17.00 A New Evening — live magazine

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Somersaults — live weekly discussion and entertainment show

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Tabitha
19.00 Between Citizen and State
19.30 News

HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.03 Find the Link — quiz on Judaism and Israel. Introduced by Mordechai Priman
20.30 Lookout Point — bi-weekly science and technology magazine
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.35 Moked — weekly interview hour
22.05 Two Rode Together. John Ford's 1961 Western stars James Stewart, Richard Widmark and Linda Cristal
23.50 News

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.40 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 18.20 (JTV 3) Richie Rich 18.40 (JTV 3) Amazing Animals 19.00 News in French 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Young at Heart 21.10 Caleb Williams 22.00 News in English 22.15 S.W.A.T.

RADIO 1st

6.11 Musical Clock
7.07 This Morning — news magazine followed by Morning Melodies
8.05 Bach: Trio Sonata No.1 for Organ (May-Claire Alain); Mozart: Piano Concerto in F Major, K.459 (Barenboim, English Chamber Orchestra); Schubert: Lieder from Die Winterreise (Michael Schopper, Yonathan Zak); Bartok: Viola Concerto (Daniel Benyamini, Paris, Barenboim); Brahms: Symphony No.3 (Philharmonia, Giulini)
10.05 Couperin. Suite No.1; Debussy; Suite Bergamasque, Warlock: Capriol Suite
11.00 Sephardi Traditions
[illegible] Israel Wind Quintet; Gade: Piece for Organ
13.00 Georg Solti conducts — Stravinsky: Oedipus Rex; Verdi: Ave Maria
14.10 Children's programmes
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 The Haydn Quartets by Mozart — Quartet in C Major, K.465
17.00 Talmud lesson
17.20 Introduction to the Oral Law
17.35 Programmes For Olim
20.05 Everyman's University
20.35 Lortzing: Zar und Zimmermann (Hermann Prey, Peter Schreier, Erika Kat, Dresden, Robert Heger)
23.00 Bartok: Quartet No.4 (New Zurich); Dallapiccola: Sonatina Canonica; Respighi: Gregorian. Preludes (Sonia Hantke)
00.10 Jazz

2nd

6.12 Road Safety
6.50 Road Safety for children
7.00 This Morning — news magazine followed by Road Safety programmes
9.30 Road Safety — interviews with drivers
10.30 Road Safety quiz
11.30 Skits with Yehuda Barkan and Moshe Timor
13.00 Midday — news commentary, music
14.10 Road Safety programmes
16.30 Perpetuum Mobile — musical quiz
17.10 Magazine
17.25 Road Safety programmes
19.00 Today — people and events in the news
20.05 Children hurt in Road Accidents
20.47 Bible Reading — Psalms 143
21.05 Road Safety programmes
23.05 Live Road Safety radio game

Army

6.06 Morning Sounds
6.30 University on the Air — Prof. Samuel Sambursky lectures on Ancient Greece
7.07 "707" — with Shlomo Artzi
8.05 IDF Morning Newsreel
9.05 Right Now — with Rafi Reshef
11.05 Musical Requests — with Shira Gera
12.05 Israeli Autumn — with Eli Yisraeli
14.05 Two Hours — music, anecdotes and interviews
16.05 Four in the Afternoon — Hebrew songs
17.05 IDF Evening Newsreel
18.05 Foreign Affairs Magazine
19.05 Music Today — music magazine
20.05 Foreign Language Hit Parade
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.35 University on the Air (repeat)
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 The Approaching Winter on the Eastern Front (repeat)
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat with Eli Moher

DIAL LOCATIONS

AM in KiloHertz
FM in MegaHertz

		1st Programme	2nd Programme
Central Israel	AM:	576	657
	FM:	91.3	95.5
J'm area	AM:	1170	711
	FM:	91.3	95.5
Haifa area	AM:	576	1206
	FM	89.4	103.2
B'sheba area	AM.	576	657
	FM:	88.8	103.8

THURSDAY

Winston Churchill
TV, 22.25

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.15 Language and Communication 3-5 8.40 Spoken Arabic 9.00 English 7 9.20 Music 4-6 9.50 English 9 10.15 Nature 10.30 The History of Eretz Yisrael 10.50 Programme for Kindergarteners 11.15 English 6 11.30 Geography 7-9 12.00 Science 7-8 12.30 Literature 9-12 13.00 Music 13.30 French 15.00 Programme for Kindergarteners; Science (repeats) 16.00 This is it — live youth magazine 17.00 A New Evening — live magazine

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Mr. Merlin. Part 9 of a series about Merlin the wizard reappearing in the 20th century
18.00 Book Look — children's book review

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Situation
18.45 Inventions and Innovations
19.00 Meeting — discussions on current affairs
19.30 News

HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.03 Match of the Week
20.50 Beauty Spot — tips for hikes and trips
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Hard Choices. Final part of a 6-part documentary series on technology: Doctor, I Want
22.25 Winston Churchill — The Wilderness Years. Part 4 of an 8-part series on the life of Winston Churchill between 1929 and 1939. Starring Robert Hardy, Sian Phillips and Peter Barkworth: A Menace in the House
23.15 Shelley: Of Mice and Men
23.40 News

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 18.30 (JTV 3) The Misadventures of Sheriff Lobo 19.00 News in French 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Mind Your Language 21.10 Fall Guy 22.00 News in English 22.15 Movie of the Week

RADIO 1st

6.11 Musical Clock
7.07 This Morning — news magazine followed by Morning Melodies
8.05 Beethoven: Music to Egmont (Pilar Lorengar, Vienna Philharmonic, Szell); Rimsky-Korsakov: Capriccio Espagnole; [illegible] Op.5
11.00 Sephardi Traditions
11.15 Elementary School Broadcasts
11.30 Education For All
12.05 Works by Aviassaf Barnea on the 25th anniversary of his death
13.00 Kalman: Die Czardas Fuerstin (Anna Moffo, Rene Kollo)
14.10 Children's programmes
15.25 Talk on *halahic* matters by Chief Rabbi Shlomo Goren
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 First Recording Irena Scharoster, piano, plays Bach: Prelude and Fugue in B-flat Minor; Beethoven: Sonata No.3, in D Major, Op.10
16.40 Speaker's Podium
17.10 Lesson in *Halacha*
17.35 Programmes for Olim
20.10 Peter Frankl, piano, plays Bartok: Hungarian Peasant Songs; Bartok: Transylvanian Evening; Debussy: From Children's Corner
20.35 The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra — Conductor: Walter Suesskind; Soloist: Peter Frankl, piano — Mozart: Concerto in E-flat Major, K..482; Bruckner: Symphony No.3 —John Carry Singers perform a capella music by Bruckner, Leyton, Poulenc; Bruckner: Scottish Songs; Y. Braun: Song of Songs
23.00 Radio Drama
00.10 Chamber Music — Mozart: String Quintet in G Minor, K.516 (Budapest, Walter Trampler)

2nd

6.12 Road Safety
6.50 Road Safety for children
7.00 This Morning — news magazine followed by Road Safety programmes
9.30 Road Safety — interviews with drivers
10.30 Road Safety quiz
11.30 Skits with Yehuda Barkan and Moshe Timor
13.00 Midday — news commentary, music
14.10 Road Safety programmes
16.30 Perpetuum Mobile — musical quiz
17.10 Magazine
17.25 Road Safety programmes
19.00 Today — people and events in the news
20.05 Old People's Involvement in Traffic Accidents
20.47 Bible Reading — Psalms 142
21.05 Road Safety programmes
23.05 Live Road Safety radio game

Army

6.06 Morning Sounds
6.30 University on the Air — Prof. Joseph Tal talks about Musical Language
7.07 "707" — with Shlomo Artzi
8.05 IDF Morning Newsreel
9.05 Right Now — with Yitzhak Ben-Ner
11.05 Musical Requests — with Shira Gera
12.05 Israeli Autumn — with Eli Yisraeli
14.05 Two Hours — afternoon magazine
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.05 IDF Evening Newsreel
18.05 Economics Magazine
19.05 Music today — music magazine
20.05 Israeli Hit Parade
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.35 University on the Air (repeat)
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 With Ourselves (repeat)
00.05 Night Birds — songs, chat with Ronnie Toren

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Prizes

MUSIC & MUSICIANS

Yohanan Boehm

THE SOCIETY of Authors, Composers and Music Publishers in Israel, (ACUM), has announced that its annual prize for a musical composition will not be awarded this year. The jury decided that none of the 17 scores submitted merited this distinction. The panel of judges — Prof. Josef Tal, Yossi Mar-Haim and Prof. Mendi Rodan — noted a marked decline in the quality of the scores submitted and concluded that apparently "good" composers do not enter this competition due to their feeling that the prize money is too low. The judges suggested carrying the prize money forward to next year's competition to make the award more attractive.

It seems quite strange that composers nowadays apparently write only if a potential prize is big enough, and not because of creative inspiration.

The Mordechai Zeira Memorial Prize was given to Arieh Rufeisen for the song *Ananim* (Clouds), while the prize for publication went to *Sixty Songs* by Mordechai Zeira and to *Rhapsody on a Yemenite Theme* by the late Leopold Kondőr.

The Judges' Prize was awarded to Menahem Avidom, whose citation reads: "For his life work in the field of opera, symphony, chamber music and songs; for his continuous activities for several decades in musical organizations for the promotion and creation of Israeli music, its performance and publication; and his great assistance to composers during his tenure as general secretary of ACUM, as chairman of the Israeli Composers League, and other institutions."

In the field of light music, Alexander (Sasha) Argov received the Judges' Prize for his life work. Since the days of the Tzisbatron, Argov has produced hundreds of songs, mostly for the theatre. But the music is so attractive in its own right that it has remained popular until this day. He has never changed his style to follow the trends in our popular music; rather he stuck to his own inimitable melodic invention.

IT SEEMS appropriate to devote the second of my series on Israeli composers — the first, dealing with Paul Ben-Haim, appeared on October 1 — to Menahem Avidom.

Born in 1908 in Stanislawow, Poland, he came with his family to Palestine in 1925. The original family name — Mahler-Kalkstein — reflects the fact that his mother was a first cousin to Gustav Mahler. Despite his parents' disapproval of composing as a profession — maybe Mahler wasn't successful enough, or maybe they feared that young Menahem could not stand up to such competition in the family — Menahem went to the American University in Beirut in 1925 to study for his B.A. in Arts and Sciences. After graduation, he studied in Paris for three years. From there, he moved to Egypt, where he was chief supervisor of school music education for three more years.

After returning to Palestine in 1935, he taught in Tel Aviv and was general secretary of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra (1946-1952). He served as music adviser to Binyenei Ha'uma in Jerusalem and to the Government Tourist Corporation until his appointment as general secretary of ACUM in 1956, from which post he retired five years ago. For many years, he was also chairman of the Israel Composers League.

It is amazing that all these activities did not interfere with his creativity as composer. His compositions include four operas, nine symphonies, various chamber music works and vocal scores. In 1961, he was awarded the Israel Prize.

Menahem Avidom is one of the group of composers who developed the so-called Mediterranean style in the Thirties; they tried to combine Sefardi, Yemenite and other *melos* of the Eastern Mediterranean with Western forms, applying modality to get away from the European major-minor harmonies.

Avidom unabashedly preferred a pleasant melody to esoteric speculations: Though he did not avoid confrontations with serialism and other techniques, after some experimental writing that was impressive neither to the outside world or, apparently, to himself, he returned to his own style and seemed content to write music easily acceptable even at first hearing. His opera *Alexandra, the Hasmonean* was staged by the Israel National Opera, and all his music has been performed at one venue or another. He has received many prizes, starting in 1931 with first prize at the Music Festival at Alexandria, Egypt, for his *Entretien Fantastique*.

Today Avidom's music — along with that of his contemporaries — is not performed frequently in Israel. This seems to be the fate of pioneers, who are pushed into the background after a certain time, since people always look for the new and "progressive." But quite often, the music of the past is revived: for re-evaluation within a new context; for nostalgic reasons; or simply because the music is good and can stand up to the wear and tear of time. Only time will tell whether Menahem Avidom's music has this quality.

Avidom will celebrate his 75th birthday on January 6, which may provide the impetus for the revival of some scores and give a wider audience the chance to appraise his life work.

THE LEAGUE of Composers in Israel has opened the competition for the Samuel Liberson Prize for a chamber music composition. The score can include harp, viola, guitar, soprano or mezzo-soprano, magnetic tape, or any combination thereof, except solo or solo and magnetic tape. The score must be between 12 and 20 minutes long; the deadline is March 15, 1983. Entries should be addressed to: P.O.Box 45068, Tel Aviv 61450.

ISRAELI Yuval Yaron took third prize in the first International Violin Competition in Indianapolis. He also won a special President's Prize for the best performance of Ysaye's Sonata No. 6.

In 1975, Yaron won first prize at the Sibelius Contest in Helsinki, Finland, against very strong competition, particularly from the Russian violinists who had captured the top spot there for years.

First prize went to Rumanian Mihaela Martin; second was Ida Kavafian from New York; fourth, Olivier Charlier, France; fifth, Taiwanese Nai-Yuan Hu; and sixth Yuriko Naganuma of Japan. All prize winners are in their twenties.

Forty-five violinists from 19 countries competed for what the release describes as "one of the richest prize packages among the world's competitions." First prize consists of a gold medal, $10,000 and appearances with prestigious orchestras all over the world, while the lowest prize is $1,000. The jury for this quadrennial contest included Miriam Fried and Zvi Zeitlin, and was presided over by Josef Gingold and composer Michael Colgrass. There were also two music critics (Irving Kolodin and Henry Roth), as well as five other violinists, among the jurors.

THE Department of Musicology at Bar-Ilan University expect several academic visitors this winter. Prof. Sonia Monosoff of Cornell University will give lecture-recitals dealing with rarely-heard repertoire of Italian, French and German Baroque music. She is reputedly America's leading Baroque violinist.

Another guest is Prof. Leonard Ratner, of Stanford University, who will hold a month-long seminar on Beethoven's String Quartets, while Russian music expert, Prof. Malcolm H. Brown, of Indiana University, will lecture on the music of Prokofiev and Stravinsky.

All the guests will also give concerts or lectures at the Tel Aviv and Hebrew Universities. □

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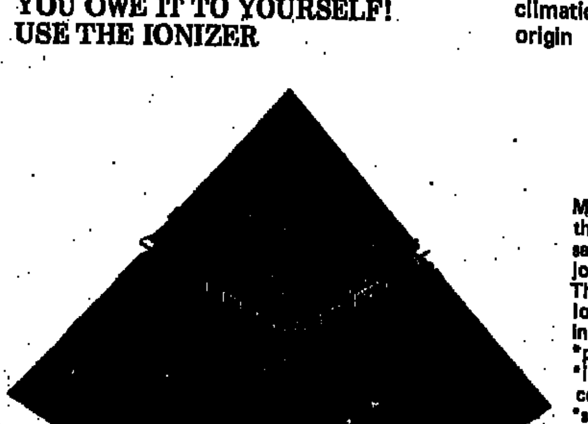

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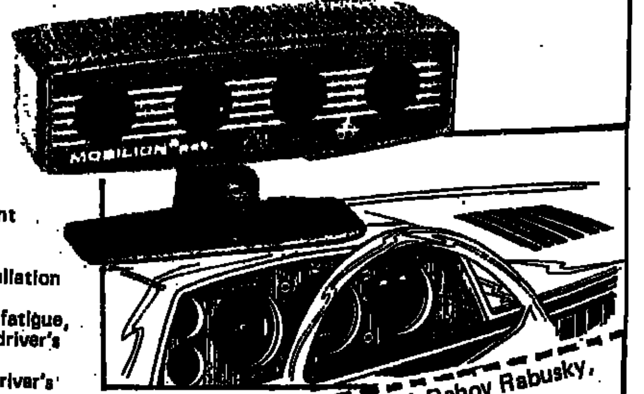

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The first V-sign

TELEREVIEW / Alex Berlyne

SWIFT IS SAID to have inspired *The Beggar's Opera* by suggesting that "a Newgate Pastoral might make an odd, pretty sort of thing," and a couple of centuries later the mixture of corruption and beauty was still potent enough to work its magic in Peter Yates's 1968 movie, *Bullitt*.

A foretaste, perhaps, of the Jordanian option so blissfully envisaged by Shimon Peres was afforded us when Jordan's Channel 6 considerately scheduled a *Hollywood Stars* interview with Jacqueline Bisset a couple of hours before she turned up in *Bullitt* on the Israel channel.

Jade-eyed and waving her arms about as if she were playing both title roles in *Able's Irish Rose*, Miss Bisset told her interviewer how she had been sent for a long stay in San Francisco so as to soak up the atmosphere for her part. In the event, this consisted of 10 lines that seemed to have been borrowed from a score of other *romans policiers*.

Bullitt has worn well, which is more than I can say for the car that Steve McQueen drove down San Francisco's practically vertical streets, airbone part of the time, cr-r-runching down on its shock-absorbers and side-swiping the mobster's limousine with great shrieks of tortured metal.

As many Israeli housewives go out to work simply to pay for the family car, I can quite imagine how distressing this sequence must have been for them. I well remember seeing *Look Back in Anger* at a Jerusalem cinema in 1959 and suddenly becoming aware that the audience was ignoring Richard Burton's splendid vituperation; every eye in the place was focused covetously on Mary Ure — or rather on her *electric iron*.

NEARLY 40 years before the *Bullitt* car chase, it was announced that Queen Mary had had a special warning klaxon fittled to her Daimler which made a very distinctive Divine Right-of-Way sort of sound. How it must have alarmed her sister-in-law Princess Victoria, who was so diffident that she was known as Her Royal Shyness.

Despite trundling along so sedately, one of these vintage cars managed to strike Winston Churchill in the third waistcoat button as he was crossing Fifth Avenue on December 13, 1931. It was too dark to see on the TV film, but it occurred to me that, if the car were a Cadillac, the future prime minister might have been quite literally imprinted — in a way Konrad Lorenz never dreamed of — with its emblem, a V-sign.

In Part 2 of Martin Gilbert's *Winston Churchill — the Wilderness Years*, we saw how the car literally knocked him into the middle of next week, where you'll already have learned from Episode 3, by the time you read this, whether he spent the rest of his life in a wheel-chair.

In a dramatized documentary of this sort, of course, the element of suspense is entirely absent, despite the cliff-hanger ending that is supposed to keep us on tenterhooks from week to week:

Will Hitler give all up for Eva Braun, the woman he loves? Will Neville Chamberlain buy a button-down shirt? Will Ramsay MacDonald bring the Dagenham Girl Pipers into the coalition? Will Sir Samuel Hoare or opt for celibacy? Will the Jerusalem Post Press run out of question marks?

Of course we now know that Churchill not only survived but collected £600 from the *Daily Mail* for the story and, on his return home, was presented, rather tactlessly I thought, with a Daimler by Brendan Bracken who'd organized a whip-round among his friends.

Robert Hardy's impersonation of Churchill was persuasive, particularly the way he rounded on fellow-Tory Nancy Astor with a snarl as she barracked his "Boneless Wonder" speech attacking Ramsay MacDonald.

There was a nice set piece on Chamberlain and Hoare plotting against him in the House of Commons urinals; he had always been less than popular with the Establishment he'd been born into and "betrayed" with speeches like his 1906 call for nationalization of the railways.

"I now perceived that there were many ill-informed and ill-disposed people who did not take a favourable view of my activities," he noted impishly in *On Himself*. "(Some) proceeded to be actually abusive...in a manner which would, I am sure, pain the readers of these notes."

A great deal of the episode was devoted to Churchill's rebellion against his party's decision to quit India. He could hardly have foreseen that India would come to Britain and open Take-away Tandoori Houses on every High Street.

NIGEL HAVERS plays Randolph Churchill ("so unspoiled by his great failure"); Peter Barkworth is an admirably unflappable "Ironmonger" Baldwin; Eric Porter impersonates Neville Chamberlain ("a mayor of Birmingham in a bad year"); Edward Woodward projects a rather sinister Samuel Hoare, the man who was to be earmarked by the Nazis as a possible British Quisling, and Tim Piggott-Smith makes a presentable Brendan Bracken with just the right sort of coiffure. It was once observed of the future wartime minister of information that everything about him was phony and even his hair, which looked like a wig, wasn't.

Sian Phillips, who plays Clemmie, always reminds me of the evangelist who warned that "on the day of judgment most terrible there will be a wailing and a gnashing of teeth." Then, leaning forward and observing his elderly congregation more closely, he told them with awful intensity, "Teeth will be provided."

Miss Phillips appears to have been provided with considerably more than the normal ration of teeth and she gets them into a juicy role, "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null," like Tennyson's Maud, and yet with more than a hint of the worm at the core.

TV series like these are a splendid way to learn history, a subject many of us have only a tenuous grasp of: "How wonderful it must have been for the Ancient Britons," Katharine Whitehorn's mother once said, "when the Romans arrived and they could have a hot bath."

FRANTICALLY scouring herself in the bath and even washing her mouth out with a thick lather, Roberta Maxwell expressed some of the inexpressible shock and disgust suffered by the rape victim in CBC's *A Matter of Choice*. The Canadian product is usually dependable and in the most important programme of the week, writer Cam Hubert provided one unforgettable line that conveyed some of the trauma of the ultimate violation:

"He was in me," the victim screams. "I live in me."

Shocked out of her wits she struggles through a catalogue of what the rapist's attorney would pounce on as elementary mistakes, throwing away her torn underwear, assuring a concerned waitress that she's OK, and washing away the medical evidence. The lesson is hammered home again by the lawyer friend of her flatmate: "They'll tear you to shreds...the mud they'll drag you through..."

One other lesson came through loud and clear: the need for every woman to be fully aware of the existence of Rape Crisis Centres that provide immediate help and medical treatment, advise the victim and accompany her through the ordeal of the police investigation and the trial, then provide long-term support. The telephone numbers of Israel's Rape Crisis Centres appear daily in the *Post*.

CAROLE MOWLAN, in Anglian's *The Goldfinch*, suffers sharing her bath with a supernatural, fluttering Thing. Neighbour Ian Hendry determines that in Norfolk the finches foretell disasters, this time the death of her husband. The Palladian stately home where all this nonsense took place was of such staggering beauty that it knocked Brideshead for six, and I would have liked to know how much they wanted for key money.

I wouldn't have minded the Thing thrumming away behind the bricked-up fireplace as long as it didn't claw the furniture or get sick on the carpet.

Our feathered friends also put in an appearance in Delmer Daves's 1958 movie *Cowboy* when a war-party of Comanches try to run off some of Glenn Ford's cattle. Based on the memoirs of that inveterate liar Frank Harris (played by Jack Lemmon), the script in Daves's hands *davka* tried for authenticity and succeeded in images like the *remuda* of mustangs shot against the light in a boiling cloud of dust. I missed John Ford's more romantic approach with its obligatory grizzled army scout examining a broken arrow while the cavalry officer anxiously enquires, "Blackfeet?"

"Don't know, son," comes the answer, expectorated with a stream of tobacco juice, "but their necks were filthy."

In John Updike's *Too Far to Go*, a far too long movie about middle-class mores in Massachusetts, Michael Moriarty, a "smooth faced snubnosed rogue," sent poor Blyth Danner into fits of weeping and bouts of unsatisfactory adultery with his enforcedly casual WASP conversational style. Lines like "You're such a nice woman, I can't imagine why I'm so unhappy with you," supposedly masked an absolute maelstrom of deeper feelings. I, too, was unhappy in the conviction that director Fielder Cook had inflated what might have made an excellent 45-minute movie into a ho-hum meander through all the possible permutations of infidelity. □

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EXHIBITIONS

Permanent Collections of Judaica, Art and Archaeology
Here and Now — a large exhibition of Israeli art, investigating recent trends
Old Gods and Young Heroes — the Pearlman Collection of Maya ceramics
Touch — an exhibition for children (at the Youth Wing)
James Turrell — an exhibition especially created for the Billy Rose Pavilion by James Turrell, a West Coast artist who has done pioneering installations which use light and space to explore the nature of illusory perceptions
Toys and Games of the Ancient World — at the Rockefeller Museum
Open Eye — design by Sandberg

SPECIAL EXHIBITS

Necklace — 19th century, Tetouan, Morocco
Igal Tumarkin: Definition of an Olive Tree — environmental assemblages, sculpted around three olive trees in the Billy Rose Garden
Torah Ark Curtain — Germany, 1725
Model of Shrine — ancient Moab, 9th—8th century BCE, represents a Cannaanite-Phoenician temple
Small Figurines of Humans — limestone, 8300—7500 BCE
Highly Burnished Jug and Juglet — Middle Canaanite Period II A, early second millenium BCE
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EVENTS

SPECIAL CONCERT "HERE & NOW" in conjunction with the exhibition
Saturday, November 20 at 20.30
FOLKLORE AND MODERNISM IN ISRAELI MUSIC
Compositions by Zvi Avni, Yeheskel Brown, Paul Ben-Haim, Ami Maayani, Aaron Charlap and Danny Akiva.
Danny Akiva, guitar; Eti Khan, soprano; Yehoshua Rockman, violin; Idit Segev, piano.

CHILDREN'S FILM
Sun., Nov. 21; Mon., Nov. 22; Wed., Nov. 24; Thurs., Nov. 25 at 15.30
"RED BALLOON" & "WHITE HORSE"—two award winning films

SPECIAL THEATRICAL EVENT "Tzelem Tzel" that was scheduled for Monday, November 22 has been CANCELLED.

FILM
Tuesday, November 23 at 18.00 & 20.30
"MORGAN" (England, 1966)
Dir. Karel Reisz; with Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner, Robert Stephens

GUIDED LECTURES — a new experience at the Museum
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Tuesday, November 23 at 20.30
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Yael Israeli, acting chief curator of Archaeology (limited places).

SPECIAL CONCERTS — "HERE & NOW" in conjunction with the exhibition
Thursday, November 25 at 20.30
WORKS 1981/1982
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Nitsa Israeli, soprano; Shmuel Magen, cello; Jerry Garvel, percussion; and others.
Saturday, November 27 at 20.30
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BILLY ROSE SCULPTURE GARDEN: Sun.—Thurs. 10—sunset; Fri., Sat, & holidays 10—14
ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: Sun.—Thurs. 10—17; Fri. & Sat. 10—14
LIBRARY: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10—17; Tues. 16—20
GRAPHICS STUDY ROOM: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11—13; Tues. 16—20
TICKETS FOR SATURDAY: Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv — Rococo, Etzion, Le'an and Castel; Jerusalem — Kla'im.

Minimal

DANCE
Dora Sowden

THE JERUSALEM Dance Workshop directed by Flora Cushman has, it seems, made a virtue of necessity and follows a minimalist policy with courageous persistence. At the performance in the Shaltiel Community Centre (November 13) the dancers used the arena floor — and used it well. They wore the simplest costumes and made them adequate. If the lighting was insufficient, well, it was something that there was any at all. More than half of the seven items were good enough for a theatre setting.

Why Dafna Einbinder called her work *No Air* is a mystery to me, but it was certainly a fine finish for the programme. Five women (Evi Lifschitz, Aya Rimon, Osa Johansen, Judy Bobrow and the choreographer) made excellent use of the ground, the air, the space and their bodies to convey an intensity of motion. A real asset was the voice of Marianne Prager, who gave life to Klaus Schultz's trance music. The dances themselves added sound varying from the "Ho!" that recalled Kei Takei to irritating cries, but the effect of the work was positive. I recall seeing it some years ago but do not remember it being so forceful.

Flora Cushman choreographed four of the other parts of the programme. New to me was *Morning* in which the entire company took part (Richard Friedan, Michal Israeli, Dina Weinstein, in addition to the five already named). It opened with Yemenite song, then left us to hear the breathing and foot sounds of the hard-working dancers. There were sudden twitches suggesting the first stirrings of the day; and finally there were happy runs and what looked like morning games. At one point in these, some of the dancers swung their legs over the crouching figures of others, and joyful clapping merged with the applause of an appreciative audience. This work had the flavour of the experimental post-modernism that has become such a talking point in dance circles.

TWO WORKS by guest choreographers — *Duet* by Helga Langen of Holland and *Bathing Women* by Jayne Lee of England — have already been reviewed in these columns. So have the solo from *Snow in Summer* (admirably danced by Evi Lifschitz) and *Trio* from the same Work by Cushman (danced by Rimon, Bobrow and Einbinder). *Women*, also by Cushman to choral music by Lars Gunnar Boden, though abstract in essence included suggestions of prayer — or was it surrender? The quartet of dancers worked out interesting patterns both in concerted and in separate movement.

THE DANCE Committee of the International Theatre Institute (ITI) decided at a recent meeting to continue to mark April 29 as an annual dance day. This year Belgium, Finland, Hungary, Israel, the U.S. and Yugoslavia participated. Many other countries have now signified their intention to take part.

One of the ITI projects is a "World Encyclopedia of Contemporary Theatre" in which dance and music will be included on an equal basis. Another project is a publication on contemporary trends in dance.

A project assigned to Mr. Barry Swersky, who represents Israel on the committee is the collection of material on choreographic copyright and his questionnaire on the subject will be sent to all other national representatives.

The problem is that under existing copyright laws dance is generally classified under "dramatic work." This means that a work has to have a tellable story, there is no place for abstraction. There are other difficulties too. Will everyone have to pay copyright fees for the use of dance works — social groups, struggling workshops, skaters? Who will decide which work is original? And so on. At the moment, ownership is vague, and choreographers and dancers alike are concerned to see their work protected.

AMONG coming events, a company calling itself TMU-NA and describing itself as "dance theatre" will give a performances in the Tel Aviv Museum on Monday (November 21). The brochure states that the group is based neither on the spoken word nor on dance but "consists of people originating from the world of theatre, music and movement." □

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this week in israel

Censors again

BETWEEN ACTS / Joan Borsten

AFTER A low-key year, the Israeli rock group T'slam has released a new record and is about to hit the road with a new show. A lot has happened since their first album made them an overnight sensation with the teenage set: competition in the form of "Benzene," and an internal reorganization that resulted in the six musicians' learning to operate without an impresario.

"We're sure we can repeat our success," said Izhar Ashdot, the guitarist from Nof Yam, as members of the group wandered in and out of T'slam offices, located in Tel Aviv's Habimah neighbourhood. "Whenever we gave a performance during the past year, all of our old fans showed up. They're still with us."

T'slam got started in the summer of 1979. Izhar, singer Dani Basan (then of Kiryat Gat, now a resident of Ramat Hasharon) and pianist Yair Nitzani (of Savyon) recorded "Give Me Rock n'Roll," a song written by Izhar and Yair. Since both were still doing their army service on Galei Zahal, the single appeared under Dani's name. It was an immediate hit.

The trio approached impresario Avi Peretz who got them to record the song in English. At *Mideon*, the international music market held annually in Cannes, Peretz found backers for an all-English album. Yoshi Sadeh of Jerusalem, a recording engineer, amateur guitarist and pianist, was added to the group, and when it was decided to do the album in Hebrew, Tzuf, a bass guitarist from Ramat Hasharon, and Sami, a drummer from Ashdod, joined them.

The *English*-language album never went anywhere, but the *Hebrew* songs were so popular locally that well before the group's first LP was released, stores around the country were taking orders. They achieved their greatest success under two singles — "Loud Radio" and "Someone is Shooting Me" — and the album called *T'slam* was bought in unprecedented quantities, turning gold in two months and platinum soon after.

THE GROUP'S performances around the country drew crowds of hysterical teenagers, who began speaking "T'slam-ese." Every show was a happening. Israeli youth were enthralled by the special effects, which included smoke and explosions. They loved the six musicians' strange costumes, and also the theatrics.

Some critics labeled T'slam a "punk" group because the musicians wore make-up. Others described their music as new-wave rock 'n' roll. Whatever their genre, they were a phenomenon, and there were some teenagers who came to see the 90-minute show as many as 20 times. Within six months the group had a fan club of sorts, headed by groupies who sent them everything from presents to bar mitzva invitations.

"We got used to being celebrities," said singer Dani. "To having girls cover their bedroom walls with murals of our faces. To giving autographs. To getting packages through the mail like this." He lifts a large basket piled high with sweets.

"We've performed by now before 30,000 people. That was at Youth City. When we sang at the Yarkon Park, 10,000 showed up. Reactions are pretty strong everywhere, but more so outside the Tel Aviv area, where kids have less to do in places like Kiryat Malachi, Beersheba, the Haifa Bay and Ashdod."

The group stopped touring after six months to begin rehearsing their new record. After a few months they took a break, plagued by artistic and managerial pressures which were not straightened out until last June. By then they had left their impresario, taking organizational matters into their own hands.

"If Sami's not here now," said Izhar, "it's because he's with the accountant. If the phone rings with a booking, I take the call. It takes up a lot of our time and energy, but at least we're now controlling our own destinies."

The group currently has three songs on the hit parade — "Still Not Married," "Another Meeting" and "This Whistle." All are included in the new album, released earlier this week, which they describe as technically more advanced than the first. The songs will also be a part of their new show, which costs them IS50,000 a performance to mount.

THE QUESTION currently worrying the group is the fate of another song, "The Devil Went Down to Bnei Brak," which the state censor has deemed sacrilegious and wants off the radio and out of the show. Some of the objectionable lyrics say:

The devil arrived, he came from
another song.
He suddenly appeared here, wanting
to visit.
He went down to Bnei Brak, dressed
as a rabbi
And met Hershel, the son of the
butcher.
Hershel, my name is Satan.
I came looking for a sacrifice
And I'm short on time.
The devil threw him a killing look
And said, come play me two
Shabbat songs.
Hershel was surprised, but he knew
the hit.
He took his clarinet from under his
tallit.
Hershel wasn't shocked at all.
And played as a matter of course.
The devil was shocked.
Hershel didn't fake it at all.
The devil shed a pound.

THE STATE CENSOR has apparently been quite busy lately. Not only *The Patriot*, but Dani Wachsman's film *Hamsin* has offended the guardians of national morality, who have ruled the movie about Arab-Jewish relations off limits to Israelis under the age of 18.

Wachsman and his producer Ya'acov Lifshin, encouraged by the number of Israelis coming to see the movie in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, and by the written and verbal support they've received from apolitical teachers and parents, plan to go all the way to the Supreme Court if the censor doesn't reverse his decision.

"We're sure the censor's objections are political," said Lifshin. "He as much as told me over the phone that were it possible, he would have made the movie off limits to all Israelis. We know the age limitation isn't because of sex — there's more sex in *First Loves*. Or because of violence. There's much more violence in *Missing*. It's hard to believe that an Israeli teenager about to go into the army isn't 'mature' enough to see a film which deals with such an important national problem."

Rumour has it that if the censor lifts the age limitation, the Education Ministry may make *Hamsin* compulsory viewing for all high school students.

ARNON ZADOK, the star of *Stigma*, has just been named "Actor of the Year" by the National Association of Actors and Directors. Zadok, whose expressive face adds much to the viewers' understanding of *Stigma*, is currently appearing in the stage production *Buba*. The son of Yemenite immigrants, he studied at the Beit Zvi School of Acting. Upon graduation, he began working with the Children and Youth Theatre. In 1975 he joined the Haifa Theatre and spent a year in Kiryat Shmona with a group of actors involved in a special project directed by Nora Chilton. He first began working with Uri Barabash, director of *Stigma*, in 1979, as the lead in Barabash's prize winning TV documentary, *Marked for Life*.

THE FOURTH annual Shirovision will take place this year between December 11-18. Guest stars include Ofra Haza, Avi Toledano, Shimi Tavori, Yonit Shaham, Ilana Avital, Motti Giladi, Milk and Honey, Nurit Galron, Dori Ben-Ze'ev, and Avraham Mor. The festival's special guest will be Marina Faingold, 11, star of the international children's festival. As usual all the songs are new, and written by some of the country's best composers.

THE ISRAELI Film Institute, in cooperation with the Cinemateque and the Goethe Institute, will screen *Fitzcarraldo*, Werner Herzog's last movie, on Tuesday afternoon (4.30 p.m.) at the Tel Aviv Cinemateque. At 8.30, at the Goethe Institute, there will be a screening of Les Blank's 95-minute English-language documentary, *Burden of Dreams*, which chronicles Herzog's efforts to film *Fitzcarraldo* in the Peruvian jungle. □

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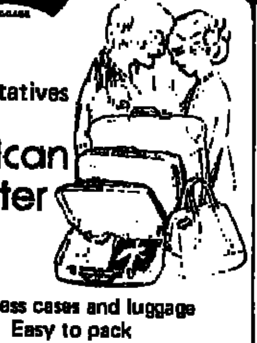

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Nahum Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

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Chronosphere — A special audio-visual display presented in a planetarium-shaped auditorium depicting the history of the migrationf the Jewish people.
Exhibitions
— The History of the Jewish Community of Basel (until November 24, 1982).
Events
— An evening with Professor Jehoshua Prawer who will speak of his home in Bendin and the town's Jewish community, with the participation of Advocate Arieh Ben-Tov.
Moderator: Yaron London. In Hebrew.
Bnai Zion Auditorium, Tuesday, November 23, 1982.
Exhibitions on Tour
1. Libya: An Extinct Jewish Community — Yad Le'Banim, Tiberias.
2. The Wonderful Island of Djerba — Livorno Club, Ramat Ha'Nasih, Bat Yam.
3. A Worldwide Philanthropic Empire — Seminar Oranim, Tiv'on.
4. Synagogues in 19th Century Germany — Municipal Library, Beer-Sheba.

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Cohen-Gan's about face

Gil Goldfine

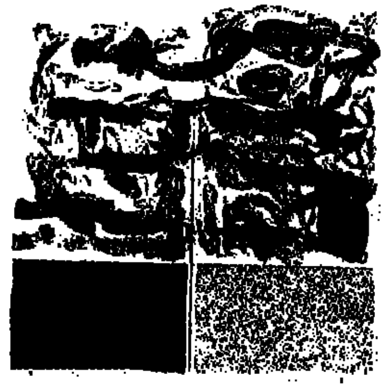
THROWING caution to the winds, Pinchas Cohen-Gan has emerged, in his current display of mixed-media panels and relief combines, as a willing and very able easel painter. Charging ahead in a way that once popularized Rauschenberg and more recently Stella, Cohen-Gan has turned away from the intellectual sterility that often characterized his "conceptual" art. He has now created a set of aggressively satisfying, colour-saturated pictures that, although they still might harbour some visual hints at soul searching, can be accepted as pure visual experiences.

Yet Cohen-Gan has not abandoned all the elements that went into previous works. The most prominent, a neutral, outlined human figure, which embodied several aspects of life and art, is positioned in his current pieces as a "working Man." "Figure", for Cohen-Gan, is a socio-artistic tool.

The cut-out figure, the nucleus of all his compositions, appears in high and low relief as a flat undulating ribbon. Cohen-Gan does not reject but recycles the images of man, with accompanying geometry and action painting, into new channels.

The thoughtful, investigative powers that Cohen-Gan has brought to his work have been supported here by a great deal of intuitive painting. Colour seems to be applied without predetermination. Yet an esthetic balance pervades, one that does not recede into the realm of applied decoration or elegant chromatic scaling. Each of Cohen-Gan's eight pictures possesses a special quality of colour and spatial inventiveness and an ability to transpose the basic flat man into an "unflat" composition.

This show is a pleasant surprise and one that should be seen, if only for its sheer energy and redefined purpose. (Neomi Givon Contemporary Art, 4 Natan Hahacham, Tel Aviv). Till Nov. 27.



Pinchas Cohen-Gan: painting (Givon, Tel Aviv).

"A TRIBUTE TO MOSHE CASTEL," organized by Jerusalem's Engel Gallery for the opening of its new Tel Aviv premises, includes paintings from the mid-twenties to the present. The exhibit particularly indicates the strength of Castel's early, oriental works where brooding colour, sparked by a dash of cadmium red, described the simplicity of home and community. The show highlights the sophistication of his later calligraphic style. It is curious to observe how often Castel's work from the early period displays qualities that could place him in Soutine's Ecole de Paris as easily as in Safad or the Tower of David. (Engel Gallery, 26 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

"PERSONAL FRAME" is a group show that dwells heavily on painterly surfaces even though several participants exhibit works on paper. **Mordechai Kellner**'s lyrical canvas is laced with tints shining through mottled white surfaces tempered by scratches and slight scribbles. **George Slezinger**'s warm-toned watercolours, combining a pointillist-cubist theory, project images based in natural scenery and are diametrically opposed to **Silvi Peri**'s pedantic graphite renderings of erotically charged plant forms. **Albert Yochai**'s landscape interpretations are full of Monet's late palette, especially the Easter egg mauves and pale emerald greens used to overpaint more pedestrian tones. **Joseph Luban** paints organic forms with expressive colours that oscillate in liquid looking space; while **Yiftah Barkin** and **Shalom Levi** both base their art on strong graphic interpretations, the former relying on a limited palette of three and four colours with pencil additions and the latter on a collage with grey tonal surfaces and encaustic relief applications. (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alharizi, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 2.

ITZIK OR tries to paint the end of the world. The results are symbolic convulsions, eruptions, desolate spaces and ferrous globes. He uses his paint as pure ooze, rolling it down with a palette knife to give it a sense of flair. The organic shapes and relief sections are as mechanically formed as are the subjects and ideas of Or's art. Although these paintings are dedicated to the artist's brother, killed by terrorist action in Bethlehem several months ago, they are brutally trite. (Shai Danon Gallery, Frug corner Gordon, Tel Aviv).

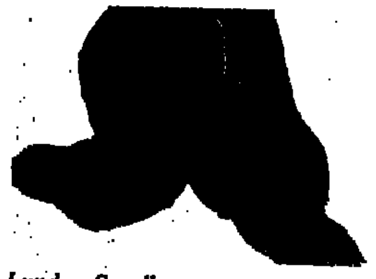
RUSSIAN-TRAINED painter **Alexander Putov**, shows canvases painted during his ten years in Israel. Putov has perfected a slick calendar style in which figures are injected with a Modiglianian melancholia while still life and landscape genre continually display illustrative flavours. Putov's mainstay is his drawing, purposefully elongated and contoured. Subjects are coloured into flat shapes and set squarely into rectangular compositions. Surfaces are treated as textural planes brought off by a combined technique of palette knife and brush stroke. A rather ordinary display. (Gallery Ludmilla, 33 Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv). Till Dec. 6.

The abstract element

Meir Ronnen

TUNIS-born **Lynda Sandhaus**, a Bezalel graduate ('72), shows monochrome figure compositions on paper painted with white and black industrial paints. The truncated torsos are the middle section of a vertical triptych but are, for the most part, presented as individual works; and, indeed, it is these partial figures that form the most interesting compositions. At times it seems that Sandhaus has hit upon an odd but effective combination of abstract expressionist Franz Kline and that great formaliser of the female figure, Amedeo Modigliani.

Sandhaus is less successful with the male figure, but then it lends itself less to curvaceous formalisation. The best set of compositions are to be found on the left wall as you enter the gallery. Here the flat black figures are given an extra dimension by being occasionally defined by a graffito line scratched into the contour; while the background is given a more painterly treatment. But it's the element of abstract composition that makes many of these paintings so eye-catching. (Gallery Gimel, King Shlomo 4, J'lem). Till Nov. 30.



Lynda Sandhaus: painting, industrial lacquer (Gallery Gimel, J'lem).

BERLIN-born Lore Reiss lived for nearly three decades in Japan before settling in New York; her highly effective and colourful canvases were exhibited at this venue in 1971 and again in 1974. This time she has sent a disappointing collection of collages; those affixed to *sumi* paintings suffer in comparison with the original Japanese brush painting. But even the others, while all very well designed, quite lack both tonal or colour harmony sense. This is particularly strange in view of the artist's previous successes with colour when working on canvas. The eye jumps all over these collages; one can't see the woods for the trees.

Reiss also shows a few nicely handled pastels of a surrealist nature, in which halved pears are juxtaposed with hearts. (Nora Gallery, Ben Maimon). Till Dec.12. □

I DARESAY it was inevitable that a painter should eventually come up with the solar collector panels of the ubiquitous *dud shemesh* as a theme. **Isabelle Weiss**, trained at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, has not made the sun heater her main theme, but its panels appear in most of her forceful paintings. Weiss employs a brutally formalized style to depict roof tops and what we see through our windows, painting in the bounded areas with an equally bold hand. Occasional use of collage seems unnecessary. While neither her chalky colour nor her rather better sense of composition has yet asserted itself, she is clearly an artist with more up the sleeve of her smock.

At the same venue, **Zvi Mane** attacks a series of plywood panels, sometimes on both sides (several are angled together to form an architectural presence) with a slash and drip that belongs to his betters. Some of the abstract panels contain painted-over textiles. Some parts are wash thin, others rear up in fake impasto. Mane pencils in annotations commenting on his feelings about working on certain parts of the composition. What we all prefer, of course, is painting that speaks for itself and offers some inner logic of its own. There isn't much rhyme and less reason to Mane's uncomposed works. (Alon Gallery, cnr.51 Palmach, J'lem). Till Nov. 27. Weiss till Dec. 3. □

Mongrel Britain

Meir Ronnen

THE ANGLO-SAXONS. Edited by James Campbell. Oxford, Phaidon. 272 pp. With 330 illustrations, 40 in colour. £16.50

VICTORIAN SCULPTURE. By Benedict Read. London, Yale University Press. 414 pp. With 476 photographs. No price stated.

DAVID GENTLEMAN'S BRITAIN. Written and illustrated by David Gentleman. London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 224 pp. With 350 colour and over 100 black-and-white illustrations. £12.50.

BACK IN THE mid-fifties I drew for *The Post* a cartoon depicting a new immigrant in Anglo-Saxon costume, complete with horned (really Viking) helmet, for it has always seemed to me ridiculous that Jews should be so termed just because they had arrived from an English-speaking country (and sometimes less than a generation removed from a European one).

Christian "Anglo" residents of North America and the British Commonwealth see themselves as the true heirs of the Anglo-Saxons, the West Germanic tribes of Jutes, Angles and Saxons who first settled in England in the fifth century and who eventually became the English. They arrived as pagans but under Celtic — and — Augustinian — influence, later became warrior Christians. Perhaps their only connection with us is that they identified themselves with the Israelites and the Bible. In its warrior kings and tribes they clearly saw themselves.

The English are of course a magnificently mongrel people: Briton; Celts from Spain, Brittany, Ireland and Scotland; Saxons from Germany, Angles from Denmark, Jutes from Jutland, Normans from France. Latin, German and French are part and parcel of the English language.

This sumptuous and often beautifully written book (by three hands but notably the editor's) deals with the decisive six centuries that link the end of the Roman occupation with the close-run conquest by the Normans. By then, Anglo-Saxon Britain had developed its own hierarchy and its own knightly and monastic orders, preceeding those we see as part of the later feudal system. Britain was always hierarchical: in some ways, it still is.

The great feature of British history is the extraordinary continuity of the rule of strong government and institutionalized power, notwithstanding the fact that even the most powerful kings and thegns were usually done away with by violence. Even this scholarly book is replete with tales of royal bigamy and skull-duggery as well as simple Mafia-like thuggery, with the canny Vikings extracting the ultimate in protection money.

My only quarrel with this splendid book is its tendency to chronological overlapping and a penchant for old spelling (Cnut for Canute, Aethelread for Ethelred, etc) although one can't really quarrel with the latter.

The texts are based on archeology, coinage, armour, weapons, art manuscripts, chronicles, charters and even leases, as well as surviving buildings and, of course, the Domesday survey ordered by the Conquerer, for the book takes us into the Norman sequel. This anyway magnificently illustrated book is also replete with a score of double-page "picture essays," on subjects from coins and walrus ivories to the Battle of Hastings.

This is the best interpretative history of the Anglo-Saxons extant, with special attention to the meagre sources for the "lost centuries" of 400-600 C.E.

As much of it deals with the enormous exchanges of real estate in the great swathe of the English lowlands, perhaps the famous Israeli real estate agency has done well to call itself Anglo-Saxon after all.

ANGLO-SAXON arts were either richly detailed (the solid German symmetrical decorative prevailed in most metalwork) or possessed a great freedom of movement and line, as in many illuminated manuscripts. The architecture and religious carving was solid, no-nonsense formalisation. But Art History could and would have developed without it. The same can be said of Victorian sculpture; but how marvellously entertaining it was!

Victoria's reign became the Age of Statuary: thousand and thousands of memorials and cenotaphs to conquest, bravery, service, dedication and even mercantile success. Much of it was commemorative of royalty, nobility, scholars, soldiers and merchant princes. Angels fluttered their wings even beneath patriotic revolutionaries. Knights raised their swords aloft and poets mused in parks and churchyards. Allegoric, symbolic and historical figures adorned the nooks and crannies of thousands of façades and atriums.

Benedict Read's book is a truly exhaustive study, but it is a pity that his extraordinarily detailed account does not go into the subject as an industry, with all its ancillary suppliers and craftsmen, from quarry to foundry. He does, however, touch on the rise of masons to the ranks of the artist-craftsmen, and the inheritance of lucrative "practices" by dutiful "apprentices."

Read is illuminating on the social reasons for the plethora of statuary, and is able to come up with accounts of hundreds of commissions. Victoria herself took a lively interest in commissions, particularly anything to do with herself or her beloved Albert.

Despite its often dreadful mediocrity, Victorian sculpture is nearly always worth looking at. Outstanding was the work of Ireland's J.H. Foley; while Thomas Woolmer was an expert at reconciling marble with frock coats and noble countenances. But then portraits of real people, even when somewhat idealised, are always fascinating. The Victorians brought out nobility of character — at least in stone. But it was the Victorian ideal.

This is the first real study of the subject and it is accompanied by nearly 500 superb photographs. It could well start a new fashion in tours of English towns. A wonderful book.

DAVID GENTLEMAN is the perfect counterpart to our own Shmuel Katz; something more than an illustrator, something less than a "fine artist"; even their pen-and-wash techniques are similar. Gentleman's illustrated tour of Britain, its landscape, landmarks and buildings, is somewhat lacking in atmosphere and even verisimilitude. The castles look better in real life and the dreary Midlands terrace houses infinitely worse. The old villages are lovelier. Chipping Camden, for instance, is not all sepia; its stones are suede. The artist's readable text is far more colourful and incisive.

Still, the very scope of this book is staggering; its 10 sections take you from the marshes and fens to Brighton Pier, from Lands End to stone-age mounds in the Orkneys. There are over 450 drawings. The 10 areas covered are London; the South-East; the Mid-West; the South-West; Wales; the Midlands; East Anglia; the North; Scotland; and Ireland. Anyone thinking of touring any of these parts would do well to consult this book: but it's too big to take along. □

New shows in Haifa

Ephraim Harris

YOUNG **Doron Ilia**'s terracotta sculpture might pass for a retrospective since it includes three stages of development but, as the artist has not yet reached 30, it can best be described as a show of high potential. After the semi-abstract, semi-realist contours of Israeli sculpture it becomes original in conception and sculpturally valid. Subjects chiefly consist of bulky graceless objects irregularly decapitated. Strange to say, the resultant loss humanises the sculpture, as if it were appealing for appreciation and love despite its ungainly appearance. Herein lies truly creative intuition. Just as some items are beginning to sprout embryo legs, we enter a nascent third phase, at the moment of only three complete but barely identifiable animals, black, light blue and green respectively. Here self pity has disappeared; their stance denotes a narcissistic admiration for their own beauty. (Beit Abba Khushy, Haifa). Till Nov. 18.

TSIPORA COHEN-RAZ is at her best in both watercolour and oil mountain scapes, although a capable impressionist "Temple Mount seen from the Old City" is in the customary Israeli mixture of sun and mist. Slopes down to valleys and plains provide the supports for a strong impact in her composition. (Beit Chagall, Haifa). Till Nov. 24.

SIMA LEVIN works in watercolour, gouache and wash. Descriptive drawings of Haifa's seamy side, where innocent and nervous young soldiers and sailors are guided by worn-out prostitutes into houses for which the owners could find no other tenants. A cynical smile at the women and a glance of contempt for the men saves Levin from pathos and sentimentality. This is pictorial journalism on a very high level — truthful, accurately observed and holding one's interest to the end of the show. (Beit Chagall, Haifa). Till Nov. 25. □

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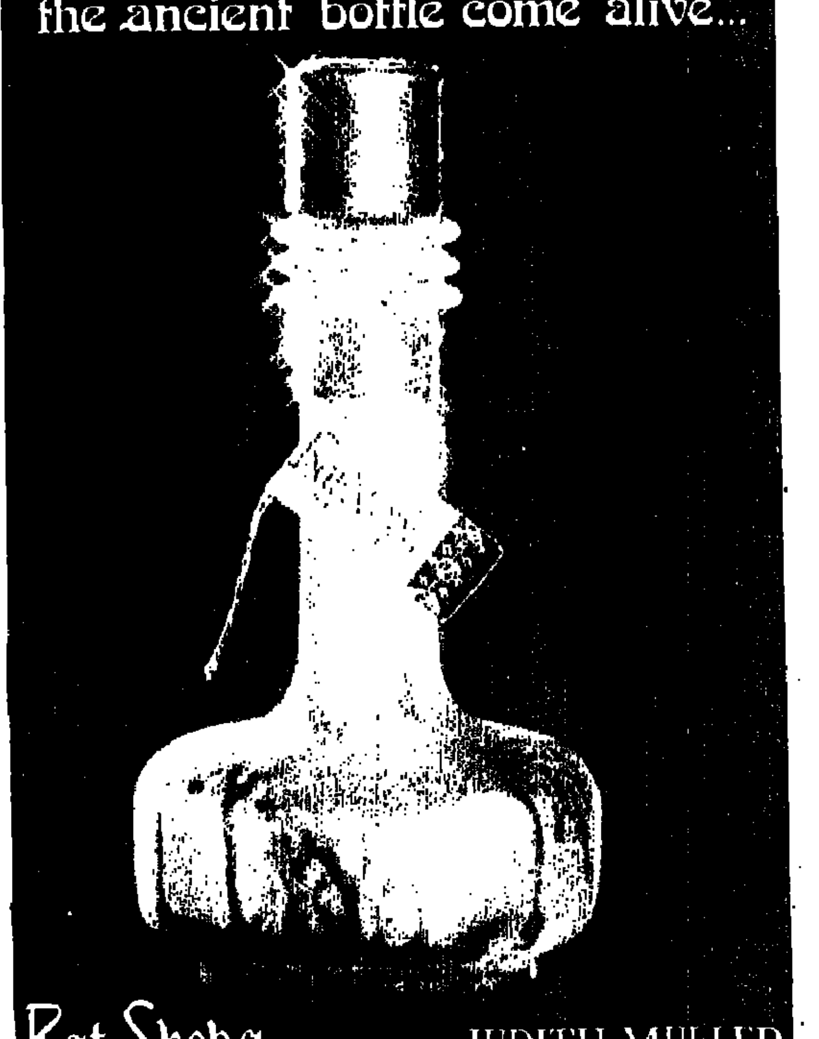

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Jerusalem

MUSEUMS

Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology; Old Gods and Young Heroes, Pearlman Collection of Maya Ceramics; Toys and Games of the Ancient World (Rockefeller Museum); Touch, children's exhibition; Here and Now: Large exhibition of Israeli art. Special Exhibits: Islamic Armour (Rockefeller Museum); Igael Tumarkin, Definition of an Olive Tree, environmental assemblage sculpture; Necklace, 19th century Morocco; Model of the Shrine, pottery, ancient Moab, 9th-8th cent. B.C.E. Small Figurines of Humans, Nahal Oren; Selected objects from the Dayan Collection; Exhibition: Open Eye Design by Sandberg; James Turrell: Two Spaces; Special Exhibit: Jug and Juglet, Middle Canaanite Period II A. Torah Ark Curtain, Germany.

Galerie Vision Nouvelle, Khutzot Hayotzer, Y.S. Hamiache. Original prints by international artists. Tel. 02-819864, 280031.

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Old Yishuv Court Museum. The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-World War II. 6, Reh. Or Hahaim, Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun.-Thur., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.

Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Heichal Shlomo: Permanent Exhibition of Judaica. Diorama Room: History of Jewish People. Exhibition of Jewish Ceremonial Art created in silver by Carmel Shabi. Sun.-Thur. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri., 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 635212.

Tel Aviv

Tel Aviv Museum: Exhibitions: The Twenties in Israeli Art; City and Art, the Berlin Secession at the Turn of the Century; Dizengoff House, the early years of Tel Aviv Museum; Israeli Art 1960-1980; 17th Cent. Dutch and Flemish Painting; 18th Cent. Italian Painting; Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, 20th Cent. Art in Europe and the U.S.; Archipenko, Early Works (1910-1921); Special Exhibit: David Bomberg (1890-1957).

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ALIYAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN

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NEW SUPPLEMENTARY INCOME REGULATION

The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption would like to inform olim about a new regulation concerning supplementary income. The regulation is intended to assist olim whose total income (from all sources) is too low to cover essential needs.

Conditions of Eligibility

1. The following persons may be eligible: oleh family; single oleh (aged 18 and above); oleh married to a veteran Israeli; married child of an oleh; single child of an oleh aged 18-25, even if he lives with his parents.
2. Eligible persons must hold a full-time position, or a part-time position with the approval of the Employment Service *(Lishkat Hata'asukah)*.
3. A family will receive full aid if one of the following criteria are met.
   - a. Both spouses work.
   - b. One spouse is unable to work according to the official certification of the Employment Service or another government body, or is unable to find a job according to the Employment Service.
   - c. The mother is unemployed and has one child who is less than 5 years old; or, in the case of a family with several children, at least one is less than 10 years old.
   - d. One spouse studies or works and receives aid from Ministry of Immigrant Absorption funds (on condition that he does not receive aid from the Student Authority).
4. A family in which only one spouse is working due to reasons other than those mentioned above may be eligible to receive partial aid.

Period of Eligibility

Supplementary income may be allocated for a period of up to 24 months from the day one receives the status of oleh or becomes a resident of Israel.

Upon completion of the 24 month period the oleh should contact the Supplementary Income Department *(Machlekat Havtahat Hakhnassah)* at the nearest office of the National Insurance Institute *(Bituah Leumi)*.

The supplementary income allowance will be raised concurrently with the periodic increases in the cost-of-living increment.

For further information, contact the *metapel* (adviser) or social worker at the nearest office of the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption.

The table shows the maximum amount of aid available under the new regulation, according to gross *(bruto)* income and family size.

SUPPLEMENTARY INCOME
October 1, 1982

Gross Income *(Bruto)*		IS per month					
from	to	single parent +2	single parent +1	couple +2	couple +1	couple	single
4000	4500	4879	3031	5345	4457	3568	1259
4501	5000	4379	2531	4845	3957	3068	759
5001	5500	3879	2031	4345	3457	2568	259
5501	6000	3379	1531	3845	2957	2068	—
6001	6500	2879	1031	3345	2457	1568	—
6501	7000	2379	531	2845	1957	1068	—
7001	7500	1879	—	2345	1457	568	—
7501	8000	1379	—	1845	957	—	—
8001	8500	879	—	1345	457	—	—
8501	9000	379	—	845	—	—	—
9001	9500	—	—	345	—	—	—

CALLING TALENTED OLEH CHILDREN

On December 16, 1982 a talent evening will be held at the Z.O.A. House in Tel Aviv, starring oleh children who can perform in the fields of music, dance, and song. The children will be auditioned by a committee of experts. Any oleh child between the ages of 7 and 14 who has been living in Israel for up to 5 years may apply. Registration is currently taking place daily between 10 a.m. and 12 noon, at the Unit for Social Absorption, Esther Hamalkah 6, Tel Aviv, room 317, Tel. 03-229154. Registration will close on November 25.

STUDENT GRANTS INCREASED

On November 1, 1982 the Student Authority increased the size of the grants available to students at post-secondary level institutions and to yeshiva students within the Authority's framework.

On October 1, 1982 the monthly rent subsidy given to eligible students was raised to IS900.

For further details, contact the nearest Student Authority office.

RENT SUBSIDIES RAISED

On November 1, 1982 the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption increased the rent subsidies available to eligible olim. For example, an oleh couple living in Israel no more than 3 years may receive up to IS 2596 a month if they live in Jerusalem or Eilat, and up to IS 2055 if they live in other parts of the country. An oleh married to a veteran Israeli or a single oleh living in Israel no more than 3 years may receive up to IS 1526 in Jerusalem or Eilat, and up to IS 1290 a month in the rest of the country. Additional information is available from the *metapel* (adviser) at the nearest Ministry of Immigrant Absorption office.

Communicated by the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Aliyah Department of the Jewish Agency

mind.

"Say that again and look me in the eye."

After the rehearsal, S., the education officer, says to me: "You know, this whole business is a fool's paradise. There are jailers and there are prisoners — and that's that."

At home, writing the programme notes. "In contrast to docudramas stressing the special situation of the prisoner *vis à vis* society and setting him apart on stage because in reality he is set apart and separated by the punishment method meted out to him, we chose to emphasize the common ground shared by the prisoner, the warden, the president, the judge, the professor, the beggar and the grocer.

"The main theme of this stylized play is the fate of the individual faced by his own inevitable death. Until the crucial moment, he doesn't even consider the magnitude of the loneliness and solitude awaiting him. But as the end draws nearer, he discovers the fundamental truth that has eluded him during the pursuit of the gratifications which drive all of us: money, fame, power, sex, comfort, fun, etc.

"We have no pretensions to professional polish, but mounting this production was an extraordinary experience for all of us. We hope that some of this will come through in the finished product, and that the audience, prisoners and guests alike, will find in this play what we found; a theatre of truth.

"For the prisoner-actor, this play represents a ray of light in an otherwise drab and difficult routine. In a less extreme, but parallel, manner, the experience of artistic cooperation with the prisoners presented a huge challenge to the director, to the leading man, to the actress and to the accompanist, Lilach.

"We hope that you will experience at least a little bit of our experience in putting this play together."

SEVENTH REHEARSHAL: I'm a few minutes early. My liaison man hasn't arrived yet. I ask the guard at the gate to inform him of my arrival. He glares at me suspiciously. Looks me up and down. Doubts I am who I say I am. Refuses to let me in. I think of the prisoners waiting for me inside and swallow my rage at a guard who won't let me *into* prison.

I am given a mimeographed booklet bound in cheap yellow paper:

Peephole to Prison, the Ramle Jail Newsletter. I leaf through. Find what I have written next to writings by Theodor Herzl, David Ben-Gurion and Gundar-Mishne D. Perry, the prison's commander.

"Property" and the "Narrator" don't show up for the rehearsal. Jojo explains: "They're uptight, hassled. Nerves." I ask why. He says: "They're married, have wives and kids. I'm single. I don't care if I sit around here for another 20 years."

S. tells me about the prison commander, who was until recently the director of student dormitories at the university. I laugh.

Them and me. Who are we? I remember Martin Buber lecturing in Paris in 1955. The subject of his talk was "the We." He spread his white, prophetic beard on the stand and began to speak in fluent French. Analysed the correct usage of the first-person plural. One sentence has stuck in my mind: "In an underground, there is a 'we.' In a political party or an institution, there isn't."

Jojo claims that he already knows how to read. I decide to add some lines to his part. My main intention is to fill in some gaps in the show. But I admit to myself that it's also because I know how pleased he'll be.

In the evening Harold comes by. I show him the yellow *Peephole to Prison*. He tells me that Noah Stern edited the newsletter when he served a term in Rumle for attempted murder in the Forties. Harold's minor poets bewitch me: Noah Stern, Ber Pomerantz.

FINAL REHEARSALS: Against a backdrop of high concrete walls, concertinas of barbed wire and barred grilles, the prisoners appear in fancy-dress. A golden cloak, a Tyrolean hat with a jolly feather, a Rococo-style velvet jacket, a red fez, a clown's fringes — a festival of colours and textures. I feel pleased. Feel I've done something.

"Property" whispers to me, referring to the large number of jailers standing around during the rehearsal in the courtyard: "There's a lot of garbage here today."

In the twilight, we walk at the foot of the high outer wall on our way from the courtyard to the building. Suddenly I'm blinded by a beam from a powerful searchlight atop the watchtower. The body instinctively curls up, looking for cover. A flashing image: A submachine gun rapidly firing at me from the direction of the searchlight.

A jailer all bent over, almost hunchbacked, wearing a skullcap, passes by us in the shadow of the walls. The "Narrator" says (hard to tell whether he's glad or sorry): "He's got back troubles, no?" I've reached the conclusion that the eyes of most of the jailers are dull, dimmed and lifeless, compared to the prisoners' eyes.

S. tells me that there was a suicide attempt today. An Arab who killed his sister. Got a life sentence. The family honour. His father died yesterday. The prisoner requested a short home leave under armed guard. Threatened to commit suicide if he was refused; his request was turned down. He said: "I give my word of honour not to escape. That's why I'm here in the first place — honour. Why won't you trust me?" They refused to let him go home. The jailer who caught him in the act of trying to kill himself got a citation.

— The "banana" is permitted for four hours at a stretch.

— What's the "banana"?

— They tie your hands to the soles of your feet. It's impossible to move.

— For what?

— I should know? Someone pisses in the mashed potatoes. Or maybe smears shit on the door of the duty officer.

— Does it ever go on for more than four hours?

— Four hours, that's set down by law. So they take the guy out after four hours, maybe give him a cigarette, maybe not. Then they put him back in for another four hours.

On the Friday before the dress rehearsal, I meet some friends at Kassit. After four bottles of wine, I go downstairs to the lavatory. On the Kassit toilet door there are iron bars. Two children appear outside the door; one's about seven, the other maybe five. They lock me in the toilet and tease me through the bars: "We locked you in jail and we won't let you out!" I come over to the bars and plead with the kids to let me free. The deciding argument is my statement that they are really good children and don't want to lock *anyone* up in jail, not even me. They relent and open the door. I come out in a winey haze of enthusiasm and thank my young liberators warmly.

Jojo: Will you arrange special leave for us after the performance?

Me: What can I do? I don't have any authority here.

Jojo: But will you ask?

Me: Sure.

Jojo: If the commander won't let us, we'll cut him up.

Me: From the front or from the back?

Jojo: From the back. We'll puncture a couple of holes in his kidneys. You can direct us.

The wardens try to persuade me to place three Israeli flags at the back of the stage, as set decorations. I hesitate. Can't figure out the meaning of this image: my clown-like costumes and skull-mask appearing before a blue-and-white Star of David flag, while above this strange vision floats barbed wire and wire mesh with bars. And above all this hovers a warden armed with a submachine gun and a tear-gas cannister.

Arieh Sachs

On the way home to Jerusalem, S. and I polish off a bottle of red wine with the camaraderie of fellow travellers on the same stretch of road. He expounds on the breasts of a warden in the women's jail. He speaks lyrically and appealingly. One sentence remains in my mind: In prison, humanity is us.

Dress rehearsal. A crush of wardens and prisoners. Tension. Nervousness. I ask S. to find me someone to serve as assistant director and jot down my comments during the rehearsal. S. brings me G., who recently killed a boy about my daughter's age. His face is plump, pasty, soft. I demand that S. get him away from me; otherwise, I'll cancel the show and go back to Jerusalem.

In honour of the final rehearsal, S. has managed to arrange a special meal. I call out to "all participants in *Everyman* to come forward out of the crowd and join us in the meal. Jojo comes up to me and offers me more vegetables. The fact that we're sharing our bread, carrots and cucumbers seems crucial to the success of the play.

A thunder of fists pounding on metal issues from the building. They explain that the X-cell prisoners are banging on their doors to protest the fact that they haven't been invited to see the play.

Dalia is recording the prisoners for the radio programme *Words that Try to Touch*. She appears moved and excited. My actors speak of the play with warmth and of the prison with bitterness. They say I'm a "serious man." They express their thanks. Jojo speaks formally, calls me "Mister Arieh." I show my displeasure with the title. He takes the microphone, brings it close to his mouth and says: "Arieh, Arieh, not Mister Arieh, but I want to go home and I want to say on the radio that I want to go home!"

S. tells me that yesterday "Despair" asked to be transferred to the X-cells. I feel anxious about his future. Right now he's sitting alongside me, speaking into Dalia's microphone in a low voice. He talks of the empty void that existed before the play and that will come back once it's over. I put my hand on his shoulder and tell him he's spoken like a poet. He smiles and says: "It's not me."

The musician speaks into the microphone about his experiences. How he started to play our *Everyman* music in his cell and how the atmosphere has changed. Speaks beautifully about music. Says he managed to transform the prison into his "own private summer camp" through music. This is the first time he has opened his mouth in my presence since the rehearsals began. An intellectual.

The recording session is over. I telephone my daughter from the jail and her voice on the line is even sweeter to my ears than usual. I return to Jerusalem.

Final morning rehearsal. Jojo and I sit alone on a bench just outside the inner gate. He tells me why he wanted "to go into isolation" after he learned that he had another eight years inside. His hopes for a pardon had been an illusion. Tells me how he embarked on his life of crime at the age of seven. Asks me why they let him finish elementary school without teaching him to read or write.

How he spent most of his youth in Tel Mond. How six toughs tried to rape him when he was "still a weakling, 14 years old." It isn't clear to me whether they succeeded or not. I don't ask. Jojo rolls up his sleeves and shows me forearms scarred from the elbow to the wrist: "I cut myself a lot, all the time." Pulls up his shirt and exposes his belly, all covered with the same kind of scars.

One of the men who tried (or succeeded) to rape him is with him now in his cellblock, under his authority, because, he, Jojo, is now the unquestioned leader. But he has decided not to take revenge. If he had wanted revenge, it would have been simple: "Just spike him and carve him up." I believe him.

I am awed by his ability to express himself. He says: "Okay, it's true, I killed someone, I mean, I murdered. But I want to finish with all that. I want something different. What the hell for do they have 40 criminologists here? To receive salaries? To get Doctorates? Why don't they do something? If they keep me in here for another eight years, do you know what'll happen when I get out? When they put a sane dog in with a bunch of mad dogs, the sane one goes crazy. Right now I'm still okay. They should let me out now, for their own good."

In the evening, I listen to a new record: chaconne, toccata, preludes and fugues by Johann Pachelbel played on a Swedish baroque organ. Try to figure out why a theme with variations is the most bewitching of all musical forms.

A TOUR OF THE JAIL: The prison director appoints the chief security officer to act as my guide. He's Virgil, I'm Dante. We descend to the cellblocks. Infernal overcrowding, but it doesn't stink as much as I'd expected. In the psychiatric observation ward, a trembling prisoner pulls me aside and tells me about an incident of violent abuse. It's not good for his health to see such things, he says. He can't sleep at night since he witnessed the scene, because he's "wracked by fear."

They tell me that prison food depends on surpluses in the vegetable markets. If there are a lot of tomatoes, they get tomato soup for the first course, tomatoes for the main course, tomato pudding for dessert and tomato juice to drink. The problem arises when there's an eggplant surplus. No one likes eggplant.

A man who refuses to grant his wife a divorce sits in one of the lower cellblocks. A shock of white hair, a great white beard, burning eyes. Been in for 23 years. Still refuses to give his wife a divorce. Afterwards the prison director lets me in on a secret: "The rabbi responsible for the police and the prison service requested that the 'refuser' be put into a cell with a bunch of tough guys, who would sodomize him and cut him up with knives. The rabbi said it would be a mitzva; as it is written, "Beat him until he says Yes."

The prison director (himself a kibbutznik and a lawyer) argued against such a step: "If they would obtain a judgment signed by 70 or 80 rabbis, the *get* would be binding in spite of the husband's refusal and then he wouldn't have to be in prison."

The rabbi answered: "You know how hard it would be to obtain a judgment signed by 80 rabbis? Put him in with the tough guys, let them beat him up and then he'll want to get out, so he'll give her the *get*. Beat him until he says Yes."

I enter a solitary cell. The wardens look me over from the outside. I'm discomfited. Self-consciously, I raise a hand to measure the distance from the top of my head to the ceiling. I take one step to the left and one to the right, then quickly emerge into the corridor, relieved.

In his cell-block, I ask "Friendship" how he manages to look so healthy and radiant when all the other prisoners' faces reflect the dejection of the prison. He answers: "I'm not here because of other people; I'm here because of what I did. So I feel obliged not to depress anyone. I have to be pleasant to everyone . If I feel like crying, then I do it when I'm alone, in my bed.

With Jojo in his cell. A picture of a naked woman on the wall. I tease him about it. He says: "No, no, look over here. This is what I like." Pulls me over to the opposite wall where a reproduction of a delicate watercolour is hanging: birds, a mountain, a lake, a sailboat.

INDEPENDENCE DAY, THE PERFORMANCE: Morning. A picnic near Sha'ar Hagai with Harold, Dennis and Yehuda. The children gather wild herbs, mostly oregano. Some ducks are roasting on the fire. Everyone's happy. I'm quiet.

Afternoon. I drive to the prison. Dennis comes along with me. I introduce him to the actors. He speaks of their tremendous presence, with tears on his cheeks.

The prison director jokes: "Do you know why I put so many wardens on the roofs? To keep the courtyard from being too crowded."

My daughter arrives with her mother to see the play. My daughter smiles proudly. Jojo puts his hand on her shoulder and pulls her towards the opposite side of the courtyard. I tell her: "Don't be scared, he's nice." Afterwards

(Continued on page 10)

(Continued from page 9)

I think about my words and realize why I said them. I was afraid she would insult him without meaning to.

The performance. Several hundred prisoners in brown uniforms sit on benches set up in the rear section of the courtyard. In the front section sit the guests and VIPs. Several loud Jews accompanied by their bewigged wives.

My actors in their multi-coloured costumes prance about on the stage, dancing, singing, clowning around. They "kill" each other with mock blows from a chair and karate chops, then the "corpses" rise from the floor.

On the roofs of the buildings all around are stationed dozens of wardens; some of them point their submachine guns at the crowd below.

The show is compelling. Much laughter from the audience. The armed jailers on the roofs have their eyes glued to the stage.

As the performers take their bows, I stand on the stage between two life prisoners and raise their arms skyward, just as they do for winning boxers after a championship bout.

Sustained applause. Prisoners and guests crowd around to tell me how powerful the play was. Say it was unforgettable.

"Despair" whispers to me: "My parents are here." I tell him I want to meet them. He takes me to a distant bench. They are standing there, embarrassed, a tall man and his tongue-tied wife. I say: "It was a great honour to work with your son. He's a terrific actor." "Despair" smiles. I make a quick getaway.

A journalist asks about the prisoners' identification with the content of the play. The "Narrator" answers: "Look, every prisoner knows what it's like to be betrayed. It's not nice to say this, but this unlovely story speaks to the heart of every prisoner."

Riding the wave of success, I become the prisoners' mouthpiece. Very meekly I request that they be granted special leaves as a sort of reward. The prison director accedes and promises additional leave-time to everyone. Contrary to accepted practice, even the lifers will apparently get a reward: a "home visit" under armed guard. I can't remember myself so happy for years. I feel like an elderly lizard that has feasted on a banquet of mosquitos and has trundled off to lie in the warm sun to digest its meal;

"Despair's" mother gently wipes off his green make-up with raw cotton. She is quietly crying.

The "Narrator" says: "You know, you could bring them Marilyn Monroe in yellow panties, and they'd want her in red ones. They're always griping. But *Everyman* is O.K. for them."

The news of the play's success has reached the ears of the "master jailer" in charge of press relations. Here he is, strolling around the courtyard, very pleased with himself.

Next day, the following item appears in an afternoon paper: "An audience composed of prisoners cheered wildly after three murderers, two hard drug dealers, an armed robber and an embezzler presented the play *Everyman* yesterday at the Ramle Prison."

One of my students says after reading this bit of news: "The fact that he committed murder doesn't make him a murderer." ☐

Translated by Margery Greenfeld.

Sneering puppeteer

Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve in "Deathtrap", based on Ira Levin's play and directed by Sidney Lumet.

CINEMA
Dan Fainaru

THE DADAIST Francis Picabia would have loved *Deathtrap*. It vindicates everything he ever thought about Western civilization, as expressed by that famous, most complicated machine he built for the purpose of doing exactly nothing.

Author Ira Levin and director Sidney Lumet even beat him at his own game. Not only have they surpassed his exercise in futility, they have also managed to muster up a cast of characters who are more contrived and mechanical than Picabia's nuts and bolts.

The responsibility for this remarkable achievement is borne, first of all, by playwright Levin. His play *Deathtrap* was first a smash hit on Broadway. It is a classic whodunit, according to all the conventions: a cast of five, a surprise every other minute, a pinch of the supernatural, a big helping of mystery and a set which reeks of mayhem and violence.

The formula itself is not objectionable, and has been put to excellent use in the past. Friedrich Durrenmatt employed it as a showcase for his sarcastic criticism of human behaviour, Agatha Christie used it most amusingly and Anthony Shaeffer, probably the closest in spirit to Levin, displayed astonishing inventiveness in *Sleuth*. Shaeffer, of course was vastly indebted to director Joseph Mankiewicz, and his cast of two, Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine, not to mention the exquisite art direction of Ken Adam.

These are just a few examples of what can be done with the formula. But, different from each other as they are, they have one thing in common: they all deal with human beings, which *Deathtrap* doesn't. If anything, it looks more like a clever puppet show, with a sneering puppeteer pulling the strings behind a curtain, and enjoying every chance he has to make the poor wooden things look as despicable as possible.

THIS BRINGS us to Sidney Lumet, an otherwise splendid film director who concedes that he needs a "relaxing" movie once in a while. In other words, exhausted after the admirable *Prince of the City*, he picked Levin's play probably because it seemed to be a safe bet: a long-running Broadway hit, a small cast, one location and most appealing of all, a stage play. Lumet has always been most comfortable with such basic material and it is possible that he thought this chamber thriller would almost direct itself on the screen, if a weathered professional were around to see that nothing went wrong.

Nothing does go wrong. The surprises are sprung at just the right time, the sets are ominous enough (Lumet himself, when he first saw them, said enthusiastically that they were "a sado-masochist's dream"), the stars say their lines at the correct speed. Andrzej Bartkowiak's camera makes the best use of the chiaroscuro effects, cunningly enhancing dark hues to suggest a trap lurking in every corner, and art director Tony Walton outdoes himself, repeatedly sneaking instruments of torture into the frame — a reminder that terrible things must eventually happen here.

All this may have been very clever and lively on the stage, with the theatre audience always conscious that they were watching a play and not real life. Film, basically, is a much more realistic medium; the screen image practically swallows the audience, and characters are so blown up that you peer down their throats. Fake behaviour may be accepted as part of the conventions on stage, but on the screen it destroys any illusion of reality that may have been created.

Now, just imagine Lumet, an "actor's director" *par excellence*, whipping up his cast to play the characters to the hilt, and the more they play the nastier and more repulsive they all become, until finally the audience couldn't care less if they cut each other to pieces, as long as they do it soon.

AND THAT'S only part of the trouble. The other part consists of coincidences, inconsistencies, and accidents. To begin with, the plot unites a burned-out playwright specializing in crime mysteries, his wife who has a heart condition, a stunningly handsome young man who wants to become a famous author, a Dutch lady who happens to be a psychic with a nose for undetected crimes, and finally, a suspicious lawyer. Isn't this a peculiar gathering, just right for a whodunit, but practically impossible in real life? Not to mention all the evil they perpetrate on each other, evil that you may easily guess if you are an afficionado of the genre, but which should not be divulged here since the film has nothing else to offer.

Hitchcock, of course, was accused of the same sins. But just think about *Dial M for Murder* or *The Rope* — both films, like *Deathtrap*, confined to one set and featuring a limited cast — and you'll soon realize how far Lumet is from the Master of Suspense. With Hitchcock, everything springs from the characters in the film; if anything is inconsistent or coincidental, it is so because human nature is inconsistent and unpredictable.

What's more, Hitchcock was endowed with a quality Lumet has always lacked — a sense of humour, which allowed him to keep a certain distance, even from the most serious events, using irony to counterbalance the terror. Lumet takes his characters very seriously, and this grimness makes them even less palatable.

MICHAEL CAINE, who was talented enough to share equal billing with Olivier in *Sleuth*, portrays playwright Sidney Bruhl as if he couldn't find even one redeeming feature in the part. Christopher Reeve, as the aspiring student Clifford Anderson, needs meatier roles to prove that he can go beyond Superman, while the rest of the cast don't really get a chance to show off. Dyan Cannon is sadly misused, Irene Worth is at best amused with the part of the Dutch psychic and Henry Jones is off the screen before you realize he's been on it.

Still, as we live in the age of Atari and other soulless elctronic games, *Deathtrap* may turn out to be a hit, too. This would not be a reflection on its quality, but rather on ours.

AS WE are already on the topic of grim routine jobs, *Firefox* may be mentioned in the same breath. It is very different from *Deathtrap*, and yet as predictable, in its own way. Clint Eastwood is the super-hero as usual, this time sent to steal the latest MiG from the Russians before they can put it to any use. Being Clint Eastwood, he can't do anything less than deliver on time, leaving behind him a suitable trail of corpses to show that he's been there.

Not that Eastwood should be taken lightly. He has displayed in the past — beyond his talents for acting in and directing action pictures which make a lot of money — a real knack for both the visual and the thematic aspects of filmmaking. Working apart from the Hollywood establishment, he has produced a body of films that have a moral common denominator and hint at a definite creative approach. In short, Eastwood will have to be recognized, sooner or later, as what the French call "un auteur."

But not for *Firefox*. Here he simply seems exhausted, both in his physical presence and in the drive behind the camera (he directed the film himself). The script is just unbelievable most of the time, he looks heavy and uninterested in everything going on around him, some of the art direction is surprisingly sloppy (why should the Moskva on the Moskva Hotel front be written in kyrillic characters, and Hotel in normal Latin ones?) and the 16 minutes trimmed from the film, for overseas release, do not help ingratiate the character with the audience or make it more convincing.

If, in the past, his own human capabilities carried the films he made, here Eastwood lets himself be upstaged by a machine, a new fighter airplane that reaches Mach 6 and is operated by the pilot's brainwaves, giving the flier a margin of several seconds over his opponents in the sky.

This could have opened up an interesting field for speculation: how much is man really in control of his brain, and what would happen if an American, who speaks Russian as his second language, had to transmit orders to computers that understand only Russian.

Eastwood and his scriptwriters prefer not to dwell on such abstract matters. They concentrate on the escape route, using all the special effects of *Star Wars* (John Dykstra was in charge of illusions in both films) to convey the spirit of the space-age dogfight in the air. The result looks just like a speeded-up World War II dogfight. ☐

صحف من الداخل

The Daily Whale

WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

"NEVER underestimate the reader's intelligence," apprentice journalists used to be told when I was a lad, "and never overestimate his factual knowledge."

Now, it's no use getting vexed about the second part of this dictum; journalists would be the first to admit that it applies equally to themselves. Some of them would go so far as to acknowledge, privately, the truth of Elbert Hubbard's definition of an editor as a person employed by a newspaper to separate the wheat from the chaff and to see that the chaff is printed.

This, of course, is frequently deliberate policy, since editors, keenly aware that the newspaper business is suffering from chronic vascular disease, are forever trying to improve circulation. Crowd-pleasers apart, many of the craft's practitioners exhibit what Catholic theologians call invincible ignorance. Since we are not members of the Curia Romana but mere laymen — and infidels at that — I prefer to call it the *Daily Whale* syndrome, after Harold Ross, the famous editor of the *New Yorker* who is reputed to have asked on one delicious occasion, "Which was Moby Dick, the man or the whale?"

Despite this memorable vagueness, Ross could be irritatingly pedantic about punctuation, to the extent that Thurber dubbed his reign at the *New Yorker* "The Century of the Comma Mug." Ross was even rumoured to have inserted a comma into the clause "I saw her but a moment" so that there might be no possible ambiguity about the fourth word.

The editor of the *Daily Mail* is not Captain Ahab but Sir David English, recently knighted for his services to Thatcherism. He telephoned the offices of Weidenfeld & Nicolson some time ago to arrange serialization of *The Noël Coward Diaries* and then asked the publishers if they knew Sir Noël's present address, as he wished to contact him. Since Coward had been buried in 1973 at his home in Firefly Hill, Jamaica, this innocent enquiry occasioned some merriment and one wag paraphrased Elyot's line from *Private Lives* to discomfort Sir David:

"Very flat, Heaven."

KINGSLEY MARTIN, editor of the *New Statesman* for almost 30 years, carried this sort of unworldliness to extremes. Despite running a leading political weekly, he took pride in reading only one daily newspaper, *The Guardian*. Then, as now, *The Guardian* was more a magazine of dottily high-minded tendencies than a newspaper — come to think of it, a daily edition of the *New Statesman* — and as a result, says Paul Johnson, most public events took Kingsley Martin by surprise.

"Good Lord," he would say. "I didn't know that. Are you sure? It wasn't in today's *Guardian*."

These little idiosyncracies, combined with occasional and unpredictable bouts of inflexibility, made life difficult for people who were dependent for their livelihood on "The Staggers." Martin could be as autocratic as the King of France in *All's Well That Ends Well:*

Obey our will...
Or I will throw thee from my care
for ever
Into the Staggers...

and C.H. Rolph revealed recently how he was compelled to suffer the editor's "improvements" to his copy. A piece he'd written suggested that for certain offenders imprisonment was not advisable; they should be seen regularly by psychiatrists.

"He altered psychiatrists to psychopaths," Rolph recalled, "no doubt equating them with osteopaths and seeing them as some kind of cerebral bone-setters."

Kingsley Martin eventually ended up in the hands of the pathologists; like the hero of some Aldous Huxley novel, he was dissected at the Cairo Medical School.

"IT IS PART of the social mission of every great newspaper," Lord Thomson grumbled in 1959, "to provide a refuge and a home for the largest possible number of salaried eccentrics."

Erratic behaviour, however, can also run counter-clockwise to the Kingsley Martin model. *The Times* used to encourage this sort of thing and subs would be sent off down the arches of the years, down the labyrinthine ways, to nail down some completely unimportant fact.

A two-line wire service story about the Duke of Gloucester's visit to Malaya once provided a sub with a whole day's work, delving into *The Times* archives and into the Atheneum Club's library. It had been a tricky job, he told a colleague. "There are 11 correct ways of spelling Kuala Lumpur and it is difficult to decide which should receive the, as it were, imprimatur of *The Times*."

THE VOICE that breathed o'er Gray's Inn Road was never so fastidious, never so rarefied, as when forced to take notice of matters that were considered, well, infra dig. When President Carter paid tribute to the memory of Elvis Presley, *The Times* responded by describing the late great entertainer as "an indifferent singer and musician, performing for the most part mediocre songs, a poor actor and, it seems, a totally uninteresting person."

It is instructive to contrast this approach to the news with the Hearst style invented by Arthur Pegler, the father of Westbrook — a chip off the old block and popularly known in the business as the Human Saddle-Sore. A Hearst newspaper, Arthur Pegler decreed, should sound like "a screaming woman running down the street with her throat cut."

ONE OF the finest headlines the Hearst chain ever produced ignored this advice and yet succeeded, despite being aimed considerably higher:

"Girl Seduced Atop 65-ft. Flagpole."

Generally speaking, though, Pegler's point was well taken by all the yellow press. When a diva collapsed during a performance at the Met, the *Daily News* — later to be immortalized in *Guys and Dolls* — unfeelingly headlined the story "Singer Croaks on High C." An item about a Seventh Avenue truck hijack inspired "$50,000 Worth of Ladies Skirts Lifted," and when Mickey Rooney, the diminutive actor who at that time had already been married four times, wed again, the *Daily News* crowed "Half-Pint Takes a Fifth."

They were still at it when Washington proved unsympathetic to New York's budgetary problems: "Ford to City: Drop Dead."

This sort of verbal violence isn't politically inspired, unlike the British *Daily Worker's* famous 1947 headline, "Princess Elizabeth to Marry Ex-Greek." They followed this up in the fullness of time by mocking the official court announcement that Elizabeth "had given birth to a prince."

"Mrs. Bloggs," the *Worker* claimed, "gave birth to a fishmonger this morning."

THE MOST striking headlines in the British press are inspired by an ineradicable streak of eccentricity in the national character, a trait that was celebrated by an entire pavilion at 1951's Festival of Britain. *The News of the World* leads the field in this left-handed form of journalistic endeavour; one 1960 headline served for years as a topic of conversation wherever Fleet Street hacks gloried and drank deep:

"Chicken Sexer with Two False Legs Accused of Bigamy."

The same inspired pen, which from the internal evidence was not the Bard of Avon, is detectable in a later headline:

"Nudist Welfare Man's Model Wife Fell for the Chinese Hypnotist from the Co-op Bacon Factory."

Compared to this sort of thing, the *Daily Mirror* is not even in the running, but occasionally deserves good marks for diligence and application. My clippings include "My love for panto wife, by drag act priest" and a yellowed scrap, bearing the date February 8, 1956, and the headline "Vicar bit his wife — because she said his trousers were too short." There is just enough copy attached to remind me that the judge, after studying a wedding photograph, decided that the cleric *had* been wearing his pants at half-mast.

(If anyone inadvertently removed from my collar-stud box a *Mirror* headline about a "Body found in loft with forty pairs of boots," would he or she please return it and no questions asked.)

SOME OF the stuff still remaining in my collection has the unmistakable forged signature of the creative sub-editor milking a story for all it's worth. When the author of *Cherie* handed in her dinner-pail, for example, the *News of the World* slugged the obituary "Colette: Grand Old Lady of French Letters" and when the actors' union called a strike, the *Daily Telegraph* came up with "Equity Blacks Othello."

My own taste, however, tends to headlines produced by the Imperfectibility of Mankind rather than the Muse Perched on the Underwood. After a confrontation between Truman and his Supremo, *The Scotsman* ran the story under the headline "MacArthur Flies Back to Front." The short-lived Czech "Spring" was reflected in the *Columbus Dispatch* story "Diplomat Dubcek Hailed Turkey's Right Wing" and the emergence of feminism as a leading social issue was greeted by the *Chicago Sun-Times* with "Women's Liberation is Really Broad-Based."

Local matters receive the same treatment. After a series of domestic tragedies resulting from inflammable nightwear, the *Greenwich Times* announced "Kids' Pajamas to be Removed by Woolworth."

One cherished item appeared in an Anglo-Jewish weekly. Though it could be mistaken for some sort of celebration of Darwin's centenary, it was in fact inspired by a community's decision to sell a derelict synagogue and use the proceeds to plant a memorial forest: "Bolton Jewry Lives in Trees."

This beats by a short head (I nearly said nose) the famous *Jewish Chronicle* story about a cleric accepting a call to the Sale, Cheshire, community. All those readers unfamiliar with that county were completely mystified by the headline: "New Rabbi for Sale."

IN HIS novel *The Tin Men*, Michael Frayn invented a scientist who attempted to rationalize headlines. Because of space restrictions, sub-editors use words like "bid," "probe" and "pact" in preference to "attempt," "investigation" and "agreement," The *Post* seems to be particularly dependent on "mooted," "slated" and "slammed," even though there has been considerable turnover in the staff during his half-century.

Frayn's Unit Headline Language exploited the imprecision of these abbreviations to provide headlines for running stories that could be updated day by day simply by adding a word. "Strike Threat," for example, could be followed the next day by "Strike Threat Plea." By the end of the week, the story would be headed "Strike Threat Plea Probe Move Shock Hope Storm."

As usual, truth is stranger than fiction; the London *Evening Standard* once ran a story, without the assistance of Frayn, who is currently pursuing a successful career as a playwright, which was splashed on Page One under the heading "Who Boobed Row Looms."

A COUPLE of writers on *Life* magazine so adored this sort of muscle-bound prose that they papered their room with it. The only space that wasn't covered with screaming headlines from the tabloids was occupied by a huge map of the U.S. bristling with coloured pins. The legend simply said, "This map indicates the location of the pins."

The rest of the room was covered with variations on one type of headline: "Hotel Plunge Claims Life of Unknown Man," "Hotel Plunge Fatal to Mother," and so forth. Affixed to the door was a discreet sign: "Hotel Plunge."

Black humour is an occupational disease of journalism. Sometimes this isn't even apparent to the reader but is, quite inexcusably, an in-joke meant to amuse the rest of the hacks.

In July, for example, the *Daily Mail* ran a picture of their New York correspondent captioned "Eye on Manhattan — as only he sees it." Like the late Moshe Dayan, Dermot Purgavie has only one eye.

This unfeeling determination to get a laugh at all costs is frequently overtaken by pure happenstance. A Colorado paper, for instance, slugged a story from the state penitentiary "Inmate Artist to be Hung in New York," while the *Harrow Observer* created a furore last year with "Youth Hit by Train is Rushed to Two Hospitals."

The *Peoria Journal-Star* exhibited a heart as cold as interstellar space with its "Crowds Rushing to See Pope Trample 6 to Death" — quite apart from robbing the pontiff of his place in Heaven. But the *Washington Post* once made the Peoria paper's massacre look like the Teddy Bear's Picnic with its genocidal "All Utah Condemned to Face Firing Squad."

THERE'S NO limit to wickedness; "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?" The *Daily Mail* knows and last year they covered the attempted regicide at the Horseguards Parade (although whether the Queen was in more danger from the youth's pistol or from being tied into some sort of granny-knot on her side-saddle as her mount performed a minuet is not yet clear). The *Mail*'s three-decker headline was even more confused, reading like an advertisement for anyone fancying a career in High Treason, no previous experience necessary:

"Boy Wanted
to kill
The Queen."

Things being how they are, newspapermen are not called upon very frequently to cover the worst crime of all, deicide. A *New Statesman* competition took care of the matter last month, when readers were asked to contribute "Myths and legends told in newspaper headlines" and one Andrew McCulloch won a prize for:

"Religious Nut Nailed on Blasphemy Charge." ☐

(Next: Wedding Gowns for All Occasions)

Independent voice

IN THIS personal memoir, Ya'acov Salomon, one of the most prominent lawyers of the Yishuv in Eretz Yisrael and later in the state, describes several decades of his legal activities in matters of public interest, as well as his role in the Hagana, particularly in Haifa during the War of Liberation.

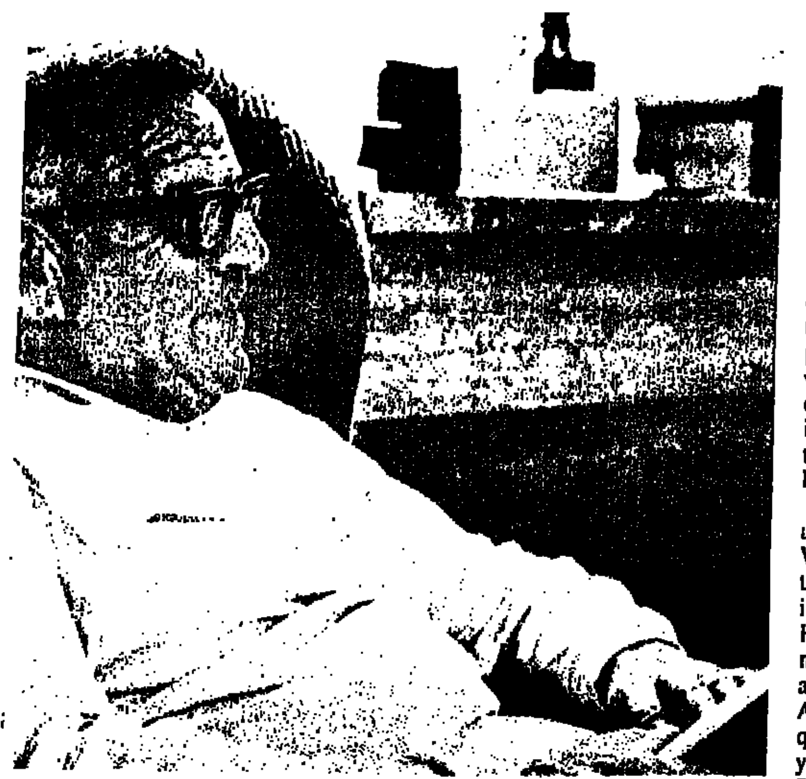
He acquired a position that was special in a number of ways, and it enabled him to make some special contributions. He was thoroughly involved in the affairs of the Yishuv and wholly committed to the cause of Jewish independence. At the same time, he was socially prominent, with friends and contacts among influential and wealthy officials of the Mandatory government. He also had acquaintances among influencial and wealthy Arabs in Haifa. It is this combination of professional stature, diverse contacts and commitment to the cause that provides the background for his recollections.

His account is especially interesting regarding Haifa, which was quite different from the rest of the country during the 1930s and '40s. Its colourful and unique past is practically forgotten now, with so much of the limelight focused on Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Indeed, today's neglect of Haifa in so many areas is mirrored by the death of knowledge about the city's past. One would venture to say that few Haifa residents are aware of what their city was like a few decades ago. Salomon's book captures some of that earlier scene quite effectively. For this reason alone it is commendable.

But there is a missed opportunity here, too. The author shies away from anecdotes, psychological insight and the subtleties of atmosphere and setting. In the light of the people he knew and his uncommon vantage point, one wishes he had gone a bit more into what made people tick and had related some of the minor but telling details that often bring a scene to life.

In a few instances his writing does reflect this quality, and even has a touch of lyricism. But his training and temperament as a lawyer are throughly dominant. His book contains lucid accounts of issues, arguments and historical developments. It also includes numerous texts of memoranda and documents, which are interesting in themselves.

Not many people in Mandatory Palestine could have made a statement similar to this one, about Gen. Richard Gale, the British commanding officer in the northern district: "I was on friendly terms with him, in my position as commodore of the Haifa Jewish community's Carmel sailing club. The British staff officers had a sailing club of their own, the Haifa Yacht Club, and used to race our vessels and sometimes sail with us. General Gale also enjoyed these joint excursions. He was a gifted man, who had been brought up on the Bible...He loved to converse with me about the country's past, its historical sites, etc., and as amateur archeologists we found much to discuss when he visited my home."



IN MY OWN WAY by Ya'acov Salomon. Haifa, the Gillie Salomon Foundation, 292 pp. $15. Available from *The Jerusalem Past.*

Reuven Rosenfelder

ACTUALLY, Salomon's roots were in Jerusalem, where he was born in 1905. A member of the well-known Salomon family, his ancestor Shlomo Zalman Zoref came to this country in 1812 and began rebuilding the Hurva synagogue. His grandfather, Yoel Moshe Salomon, built the Nahalat Shiva quarter outside the Old City walls. His father, Haim Zalman, was also a pioneering character. The author spent several years in England, where he completed his law studies, and then joined the firm of Harry Sacher and Shalom Horovitz in Jerusalem. Sacher sent him to Haifa in 1930 to open a branch in what was then considered the "city of the future." He remained in Haifa until his death in January, 1980, and his long career is closely associated with the port city.

He recalls Haifa as a "cosmopolitan city," its population well-balanced between Jews, Moslems and Christians. It was less affected by drastic religious and national divisions, and functioned more harmoniously on the basis of shared interests in commerce, labour and administration. Its relative importance was far greater in those days.

With a gift for making friends in high places, Salomon thrived as a lawyer. When Anisa el-Katib, the married daughter of Hassan Bey Shukri, the (Arab) mayor of Haifa, was charged in 1941 with murder for romantic reasons, her father engaged Salomon for the defence. He moved to have the case transferred from an Arab to a British magistrate, who then dismissed the charge. Apparently, the Arab judge leaned toward the Mufti, while the defendant's family was linked with the anti-Mufti Nashashibi clan. Such were things in Haifa: a Jewish lawyer retained by a prominent Arab family, obtaining an acquittal by shifting the trial from a hostile Arab judge to an impartial British one.

Working for the Yishuv, Salomon devoted years to complex legal battles to win actual ownership rights over lands which had been purchased by Jews. This had become a "sacred task, an obsession" with him. The battle over the Kuskus-Tivon lands, for example lasted 14 years. He describes a historical episode involving lands purchased by PICA in the Hauran region. This case entailed some tension-filled adventures in Syria.

For those interested in the subject, the book discusses several land cases. It holds less interest for the average reader. But it makes one realize the tenacious legal and administrative work involved in what has broadly been termed "the redemption of the land." In this context, Salomon makes what is perhaps his only self-stated claim to fame in the book. He calls his land-case work as "a vital stage in the effort for independence."

SALOMON served the Hagana as a liaison officer with the British army headquarters, during the last years of the Mandate and the first half of 1948, when the war in Haifa and the final withdrawal of the British took place. He acted as mediator following the "Black Sabbath" of June 1946 and the British siege of Kibbutz Yagur. He persuaded the British to ease their harsh treatment of the Yishuv detainees in the Atlit camp. He got permission to enter the camp (Gen. Gale told his people, "you can take Salomon's word"), and once inside, created a diversion (a drink with the officers in their club, naturally) to facilitate the escape of three Haganah leaders.

The most dramatic section is the author's first-hand account of the War of Liberation in Haifa. He was the main spokesman of the Yishuv in negotiating the Arab surrender. He recalls the scene at the municipal council chamber, around a horseshoe-shaped table, facing Arab leaders, "most of them my acquaintances and friends for many years." British Gen. Hugh Stockwell, whom Salomon remembers in a positive light, was the mediator.

Salomon later wrote to Ben-Gurion: "Gen. Stockwell explained to the Arabs that they must accept the fact that they had lost the battle and added that in fact the terms offered by the Hagana were not those of a conqueror but rather those of people interested in peace."

The surrender by the Arab leaders, however, was based on their belief that the invading Arab armies would soon carry the day in Haifa. On this assumption they urged the Arab residents to leave. The author states in no uncertain terms that the Arab leadership was accountable for the mass exodus from the city. In an effort to stem the tide, he himself spoke in Arabic to crowds in the Arab neighbourhoods: "I emphasized that I was authorized to guarantee their safety and asked them to stay put and not to believe idle promises."

He continued as liaison until the end of June 1948, when the last of the British enclave sailed from the port. It was a time of minor but irritating confrontations. Altogether, he feels inadequately recognized for his work as liaison for the Hagana. He holds a grudge against Moshe Carmel, commander of the Carmeli Brigade, who belittled the contacts-and-negotiations aspect of events in Haifa, and referred to Salomon not by name but merely as "the Hagana's Jewish lawyer."

AFTER THE establishment of the state, he was engaged in a number of important court cases. He was the defence counsel for F.W. Sylvester, a British employee of the electric company in Jerusalem, who was charged with spying. Sylvester was sentenced to seven years in prison by a court headed by Dr. Benyamin Halevy. The conviction was overturned on appeal: Salomon is highly critical of Halevy who, he says, was motivated by a vehement anti-British feeling and a belief that Sylvester was "small fry in a larger spying ring."

He wrote to his mentor in England, Richard Levy, in October 1948: "I want to see new legal traditions springing up, with leadership from the bench, going down to the bar. In this first case of mine before my own court, I feel completely let down."

Also discussed is the Tubiansky Affair, one of the most dramatic episodes of the War of Independence. The author defended Isser Be'eri, the army officer charged with the unlawful execution of Tubiansky, whom he saw as a traitor and a spy. Be'eri was convicted and given a token sentence, after the court stated there had been no adequate grounds for finding Tubiansky guilty. In this book Salomon presents documents that have never been published to support his contention that Be'eri was correct in labelling Tubiansky a spy.

There were others who sought his skills in court — Prof. Kurt Sitte of the Technion (another spy), and Benyamin Gibli, the "senior officer" in that strange case of shadow-boxing known as the Lavon Affair.

In 1961, after 30 years of court appearances, Salomon decided to step down as a trial attorney. "I relied on profound and dedicated work," he writes, "rather than on dazzling rhetoric." But former Chief Justice Haim Cohn, in a tribute cited in the book, had this to say: "He brought with him the English tradition of examining the most difficult and stiff necked witness as if he were holding a conversation, over a cup of tea, with a friendly elderly lady — and the poor witness did not even notice how soon and how thoroughly he was being buried."

He made a brief foray into politics. In 1949, concerned with party factionalism, he sought to enter the First Knesset on a one-man list, but soon dropped the effort. It seems that he was not the man for politics.

His memoir is aptly titled *In My Own Way;* he had no need for dependence on others. Some of the largest industrial firms in the country were his clients for years, but he virtually ignores that aspect of his career, focusing, rather, on issues of public import.

He also makes very little of his personal life, except for expressing his closeness to his wife, Sara, whom he told at their very first meeting: "My dear girl, you'd better like me now or never; I don't improve on acquaintance." □

Multilingual guide

THIS IS a booklet designed for the traveller who has no flair for languages or who, like many of us, needs to know some basic words and phrases in Dutch, Greek or Japanese. No Russian or other Slavic languages figure here, so it's not meant for trips behind the Iron Curtain.

Globetrotters will find the drawings which accompany the text not only apt and amusing but also a useful aid in any frantic attempt to indicate what exactly they require in the way of a thousand different amenities — even if not all the purchasers of this multilingual guide are likely to require the services of a "hostess" (or worse) and to visit a gay club. Unescorted women may, however, be grateful for such tips as how to say "Get lost!" in a number of foreign countries.

HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT IN NINE LANGUAGES by Lixi Darvall. Hebrew edition: Jerusalem, Carta & The Jerusalem Post. 150 pp. IS140.

Gabriel Sivan

Though presumably aimed both at the Hebrew-speaking Israeli traveller and at the potential visitor to this country, *How To Get What You Want in Nine Languages* may occasionally prove baffling to either side. Israelis, for example, will not find any of the unfamiliar words and phrases transliterated into Hebrew, while people touring Israel for the first time are likely to make mistakes if they rely on some of the "transliterated" texts accompanying the Hebrew.

WE ARE told, *"male"* means "no vacancy," *"hole" means "sick," and "Maylm rothim,"* "hot water." The Hebrew equivalent of "no smoking" is given as *"lo, le'ashen"(!)* and some gremlin in the press has *turned "grlll" into "segj"* and *"Ke'ev rosh"* (headache) into *"drx erq."* The international currency table also blandly informs that "1 Pfund = 100 Pence" in the United Kingdom.

For all that, there are some nice touches: "Can I have a doggie bag?" is one, and the appended lists of clothing sizes, the conversion tables and the full indexes in each language will be especially useful. Even veteran olim may learn to their advantage that *shmartaf* is the proper Hebrew term for "babysitter."

With a few judicious corrections, and a slightly larger typeface to prevent eyestrain, *How To Get What You Want In Nine Languages* should be a really good investment. □

BEHIND the jolly, chatty maunderings that make this book read like a novel there lies a profound pessimism. Everything in the world economy is, we are wittily and verbosely informed, going to the dogs.

It is surprising that the author, one J.W. Goodman, chose "Adam Smith" as a pen-name for his economic writings. The original Adam Smith propounded two centuries ago, with enthusiastic optimism, a system (free trade, the division of labour, open competition) for making humanity prosper.

His system did get into trouble from time to time, climaxed by the grinding unemployment of the 1930s. Happily, J.M. Keynes thought up a brand new device for averting slumps. All went well again — till the recent 1970s, when everything got out of hand.

Since then matters have got steadily worse, nobody quite knows why. Old theories have broken down, and there are none to replace them. Adam Smith (the present-day American one) keeps probing for a formula to rescue society. The economists are not, he says, offering any.

In its early days, the IAF kept going by cannibalizing shot-down Egyptian Spitfires. "An Illustrated Guide to the Israel Air Force" by Bill Gunston (Steimatzky, IS312) describes, in hundreds of photographs and drawings, "the fighting aircraft of the world's most combat-proven air force."

Going to the dogs

PAPER MONEY by Adam Smith, London, Macdonald. 335 pp. £8.95.

David Krivine

THE ROOT of the trouble is the manifestation embodied in his title: paper money. Money makes the world go round — provided it is good, sound stuff that retains its value. In Britain's great days, sterling was something to be proud of. The government used to sell perpetual bonds called "consols," which had no redemption date. "Never sell consols," said Soames Forsyte, Galsworthy's man of property.

During the period of America's economic domination, when the U.S. was producing half the world's oil, half its automobiles and not far short of half its industrial output, the dollar took over and became a value in its own right. Thirty-five of these bills got you an ounce of gold (if you were a central banker).

Today there is a flight from the dollar, or at least a desire for flight, the trouble being that there is nowhere to go any more. The greenback has not been superseded by any new "key currency." All money is depreciating, in some countries more, in others less. Those where it depreciates less do everything to prevent their species from becoming a key currency in its turn.

What is wrong with being a key currency? It tends to undergo a three-stage decline.

"In the first stage," Smith observes, "everybody's happy with it, and nobody wants to cash it in. In Stage Two there is a lot of key currency out there, an 'overhang' it is called." (Today: the Euro-dollars circulating in world markets.) "Stage Three: everybody's afraid to cash in the key currency because the system will collapse."

The American dollar has reached Stage Three. People don't know what to cash it for even if they want to: there isn't a fixed standard of value any more. Gold goes up and down, currencies fluctuate against each other. We are, as Smith stresses, in a world of "paper money."

Inside the U.S., the public has been using its dollars to buy houses as an investment. On the international scene, the Americans have been spending greater sums abroad than before, notably (though Smith doesn't mention it) on the late-lamented Vietnam war. By the '60s, more American money was going out of the country than coming in.

After all, Smith points out, "the foreigners gradually no longer needed dollars to buy half the world's automobiles from the United States; there were now Volkswagens and Datsuns and Renaults. They no longer needed dollars by buy from Texas half the world's oil: there was oil everywhere."

OIL LEADS US to the creation of OPEC, and never could anything so untimely have occurred. A large part of this book is devoted to a graphic description of how, just at the moment when the Americans switched from being oil exporters to becoming oil importers on a massive scale, the price of petroleum was pushed up tenfold in a mere six years by a predominantly Middle Eastern cartel — from $2.69 a barrel in 1973 to $28 in 1979.

The author shudders at the spectre raised by the accummulation of petro-dollars in Arab hands. He quotes Professor Edward Luttwak, writing in *Harper's* magazine:

"British Leyland Motors, the largest industrial combine in Britain, was built up through the work of tens of thousands of English workers over a period of more than 70 years. It could be acquired by a single family in Kuwait with only six days' worth of oil production."

And that is not the worst. We have seen how the American population fled from their own currency. The OPEC powers are burdened with a superabundance of that currency, since they are paid in dollars (what other key currency is there?). They want to flee from it too. A solution was improvised: "recycling" the money earned from oil sales.

For a time, everyone heaved a sigh of relief; recycling was the answer. The world's banking system entered the fray. The petro-powers would deposit their dollars with the banks, and the banks would lend the money out to willing borrowers the world over. There were some takers for it still, notably those who remained short of dollars despite everything, viz., the underdeveloped countries.

WHICH BRINGS US to the 1980s, and a new crisis, unforeseen by the economists, The world has now been overtaken by a disease. It might be called creeping economic paralysis.

Lending, it has turned out, is not what it used to be. During the '50s and '60s, credits could safely be invested in the creation of new resources, because the world was in boom and there were plenty of customers around to buy the finished products.

Today the customers are lacking. All the adverse factors we have mentioned are converging. Governments had to restrict consumption. They could not reduce wages so, advised by their economists, they limited the money supply instead. This reduced consumption all right, but slowed down production too. Unemployment spread. The industrial powers of the West introduced a recession into their own economies.

While all this was going on the developing countries were borrowing heavily, to the gratification of the banks, busy re-cycling their deposits of petro-dollars. There was an implicit reliance on the continuation of boom conditions in the big economies. The borrower countries would, it was thought, earn foreign currency by selling their products abroad.

But the markets abroad are in a state of suspended animation. Business is sluggish, prices are at rock-bottom. The industrial powers, other than Japan, have tried to eliminate their trade deficits by the wrong method. Instead of exporting their way out of a crisis, they have sunk into the doldrums, hoping that reduced living standards will restrict imports, narrowing the trade gap in that way.

Western leaders argue that their restrictionism is only temporary. President Reagan and Mrs. Thatcher appeal for patience: once inflation is eliminated, growth will be resumed. But this temporary and intermediate process never seems to end. The promised remedy is not forthcoming; unemployment keeps on growing.

Meanwhile, the Third World contries face disaster. Mr. Smith spells out the details. Developing states are no longer using foreign money for investment but to finance their oil imports and repay old loans. Here are the facts:

"The non-oil countries of the Third World borrowed $183b. from the World Bank and from governments. They have also borrowed another $190b. from multi-national banks. The bulk of that is due within the next three years. The multi-national banks are up to their lending limits."

So what lies ahead? Since Smith wrote his book, two trends have appeared that he did not foresee. The near-slump in the Western world has had one beneficial effect at least: it has engulfed OPEC, whose prices are dropping, owing to reduced demand for oil. The second not unfavourable trend is that interest rates have started to go down and share prices to go up, suggesting that the recession may by be bottoming out.

These two events may be short-lived and not significant. Adam Smith is less than hopeful:

"This time the wolf is here, goes the refrain. Not this time, say the bankers. But the wolf is out there..." □

IF, INSTEAD of a primate, some other species had gained ascendency on the evolutionary ladder, we would no doubt live in quite a different world. This subject has long intrigued zoologists and anthropologists. I have personally pondered the possibility of a dominant species of super-felines.

In a world run by cats there would be dignity, cleanliness, much music and absolutely no slapstick. Nor would a super-canine, for instance, allow his world to be polluted by the fumes of diesels, for art would consist of the weaving of tapestries of sound and scent while visual attractions would be secondary. Aggression would be ritualized and loyalty would be a higher virtue.

But never mind the might-have-beens. It was the naked ape who grabbed the brass ring and ever since then the world has been dominated by a species which, if power corrupts, is only too willing to be corrupted.

The observations recorded by Dr. de Waal in this book will offend many readers, for, as Desmond Morris rightly stresses in his erudite foreword, man is still divided into two camps: those who see mankind as a highly evolved primate and those who hold that man is a fallen angel.

Monkey business

CHIMPANZEE POLITICS: Power and Sex among Apes by Frans de Waal. London, Jonathan Cape. 223 pp. £8.95.

D'vora Ben Shaul

IN MAINTAINING that politics are older than humankind, de Waal bases his conclusions on observations made over several years at the vast, outdoor chimpanzee colony at the Arnheim Zoo in the Netherlands. The colony provided almost ideal conditions for the observation of mans' nearest relative in a confined but nearly natural situation.

Through the eyes of one of the best animal behaviourists of our era we see how chimpanzees are capable of pursuing a series of minor goals, over a period of days and even weeks, all tailored to serve their end or major goal. De Waal shows us that the great apes know how to manipulate, enlist support, maneuver for position and make use of every aspect of their lives — be it food or sex or activity area — to support their power motives.

We get a keen observer's reconstruction of the roles of the sexes, as Yeroen, aging king of the colony, is deposed by Luit, an aggressive young contender. Battered but not broken, Yeroen then forms a coalition with Nikki, a post-adolescent who is strong, aggressive and horny. Two heads, or in this case one wily old head plus one young chimp who is a match for Luit in strength and ambition, prove to be better than one. Luit is at last dethroned by the pair.

The process of dethroning gives some wonderful insights into primate behaviour. Yeroen and Nikki do not attempt a coup until the females have been won over to their side. They devote some weeks to being constantly with the females, grooming them, engaging in hours of play and kissing their babies!

Indeed, the last act they perform before putting Luit up the tree is to greet Big Mamma, kiss her and play with her baby. When Luit is at last screaming with fear at the top of the tree, as his rivals try to throw him down, it is Big Mamma who hands her infant to another female, climbs the tree, cuffs Yeroen and Nikki, and leads the vanquished Luit to safety. Enough is enough, it seems, even in a chimpanzee power conflict.

THOUGH the females do not rule, no male can rule without their consent and active support. It is they who, from a no-risk position (no male will attack a female seriously), enforce the unwritten laws of chimp society. They regularly disarm the combatant males, taking sticks and stones from their hands, and when fighting threatens to be fatal, break it up by entering the fray themselves.

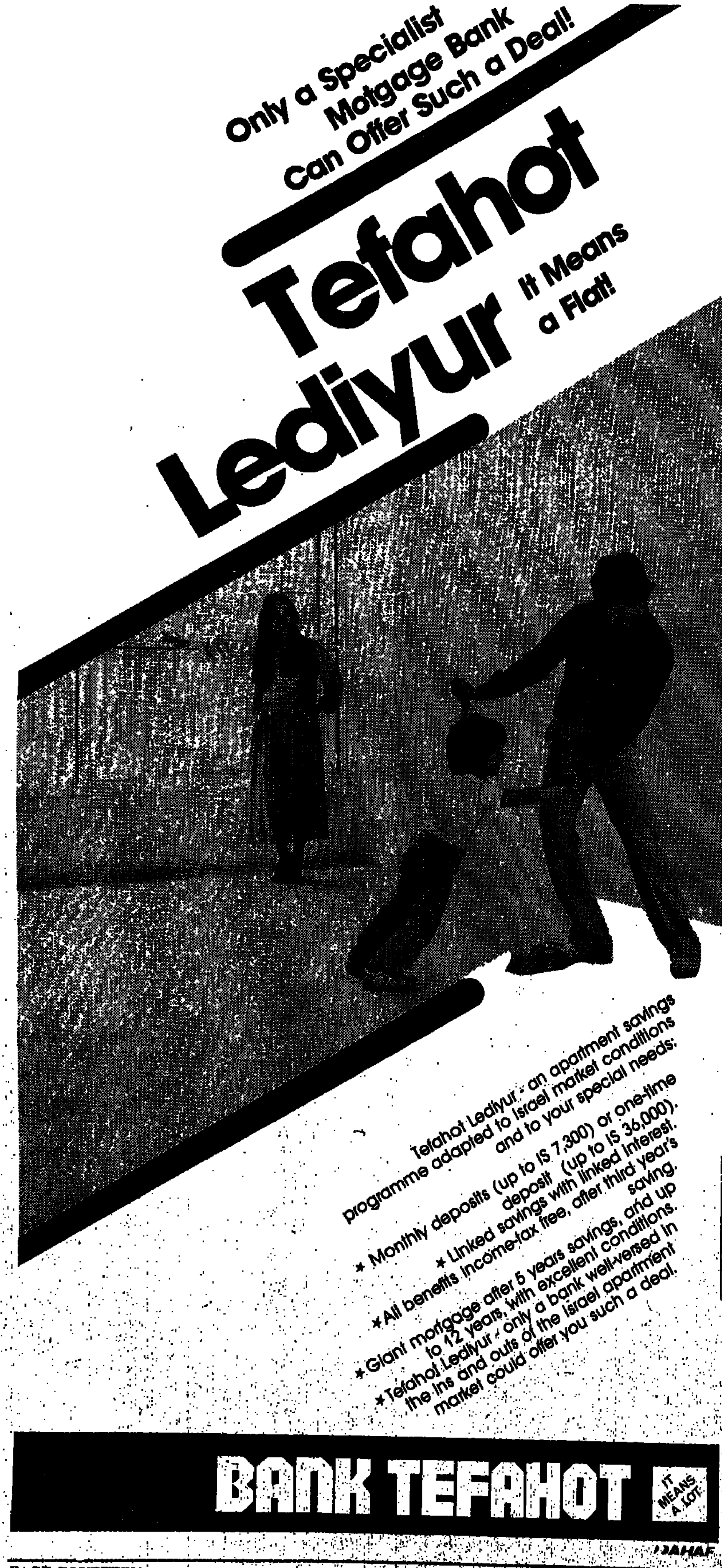
They are also the force of primate morality. Puist, a fertile female who refuses to mate (she does, however, have lesbian attachments), may drive the boys crazy, but an attempt at rape brings the entire female contingent to her rescue and the offending male is literally drummed out to the periphery of the colony.

Just how conscious these behaviour patterns are is a moot question, but then just how conscious are we of our own manipulations? Machiavelli described the political maneuvers of the Borgias some five hundred years ago, but he didn't invent anything new.

This book will interest zoologists and behaviourists and anyone else who wants to understand his own world a little better.

None of de Waal's conclusions would have surprised my grandfather. The old Red River Valley farmer was an ardent people-watcher for most of his 103 years and was well known for his pithy speech. Once, watching the machinations of a young congressman from our district, he remarked, "Well, the higher the monkey climbs up the flagstaff, the more you can see of his ass." □

هدية من الكرمل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DAHAF

Bloody-mindedness

Boaz Yuval

The Best Man To Die, Wolf to The Slaughter, and **Put On By Cunning** (Avon, $1.25 each) are novels by Ruth Rendell (who is hailed as Agatha Christie's heir) that feature Chief Inspector Wexford. A plodding, deliberate, literate detective, Ruth Rendell's answer to Hercule Poirot, Wexford weaves his way past baffling clues and ambiguous witnesses to arrive at the inevitably surprising solution. Rendell writes an intelligent murder tale, which, though not quite my speed, will appeal to lovers of the sober, upper middle-class detective story.

Perhaps Martin Cruz Smith's celebrated Gorky Park has spawned a new genre — thrillers set in Russia, in Anthony Olcott's **Murder at the Red October** (Bantam, $2.25). Ivan Duvakin, a security guard in Moscow's Red October Hotel, discovers the body of an American, mysteriously and bloody-mindedly murdered. His discovery leads to an involvement with black-marketeers, power-crazed KGB officers, and a comfortable solace named Tanya. A sweaty, steamy, palpable Moscow is evoked in the process. A fine thriller.

Nevski's Return by Dimitri Gat (Avon, $2.50), is also about Russians, but these live in Pennsylvania. Nevski, an Information Consultant (Shames, to you and me), is hired by a certain *babushka* to find her missing grandson, whom the police would also like to see, apropos a murder. The search aquaints Nevski — and the reader — with the Russo-American community and the going is good, up to the messy ending.

Martin Cruz Smith wrote several novels before he made a big splash with the aforementioned Gorky Park. Some of these are now being reissued. **The Analog Bullet** (Star, £1.50), is about computerized political dishonesty in Washington, D.C.; to me, it did not make much sense, but maybe I don't know enough about computers. In **Nightwing,** by the same author (Jove, $2.95), vampire bats go on the rampage in a Hopi Indian reservation. Though it could have been titled *Gory Park*, it is a surprisingly well written chiller and, though biologically ludicrous, highly readable.

World War II will probably continue to inspire (if that is the word), novel on improbable novel. **The Hangman's Crusade** by James Barwick, (Ballantine, $4.50), which is about Heydrich's assassination. **The Dunkirk Directive** by Donald Richardson (Corgi, £1.85), about a German Commando attempt to raid a Spitfire factory, and **Imperial Express** by James Bellah (Jove, $2.95), in which a German scientist escapes to the U.S.A. via Mexico, could have all been written by the same machine. They share the same mind-numbing quality which can make a long wait unbearable.

James Leasor's **They Don't Make Them Like That Anymore,** (Corgi, £1.25), is a moderately well-paced thriller containing heaps of information on antique cars. The same goes for **Holy of Holies** by Alan Williams, (Granada, £2.25). This is a classical thriller, featuring international wheeling and dealing and an ageing, out-of-luck adventurer hoping to change everything if *things*, just this once, will work out. Unfortunately, the target of this caper which, for reasons of suspense should have been hidden from the reader, is given away in the title, turning the climax of the novel into a mere confirmation of the reader's suspicions.

Tight-rope, by Antony Melville-Ross (Fontana, £2.25), is an exceptionally good thriller. The head of one of the British security services is shot, and the new Chief's first job is to find out why. The plot is intelligently complex, the trade-craft credible and exciting, the novel peopled with human beings — though some, particularly a blond job whose speciality is interrogation — are not very appetizing. Highly recommended for the hard core thriller crowd. ☐

Building the laughs

THE BEST OF EPHRAIM KISHON: NEW YORK AIN'T AMERICA, translated by Miriam Arad and Yohanan Goldman. New York, Bantam. 235 pp. $4.50.

REVELATION by W. A. Harbinson. London, Corgi Books. 525 pp. £1.95

Seymour Geldin

SOMETIMES Kishon is very, very funny. Like when he is racing around Tel Aviv searching for a lost umbrella, and ends up with six, none of which is his. He builds one laugh on top of another, faster and faster, until he reaches his almost terrifyingly nebbishy ending. Or playing Walter Mitty, cruising around town with his alter ego "pal" Irving, who gets a delicious kick out of driving rapacious garage owners and uppity Dizengoff cops crazy. This is street-wise Israeli stuff, and Kishon is completely at home with it.

It's when he leaves this milieu that the humour dries up. A Thurberesque dog story goes on and on and on, Golda gets a treacly valentine. His travel pieces are pedestrian: being gouged by a Paris cab driver, losing at the Las Vegas gambling tables, meeting a Hollywood agent who insists on calling him "Mr. Kitchen."

Nevertheless, it's worth keeping this collection around for those dull days when you can use a pick-me-up. If just a few of these pieces make you burst out laughing, the book has paid for itself.

NEVER MIND that the plot of the novel *Revelation* reads like early Walt Disney: a religious *deus ex machina* comes floating down out of a stormy sky one night over (where else?) Jerusalem, and changes everyone's life. For the better, of course.

Forget that the leading characters are echoes of every Hollywood film ever made about Israel: a sexy American-Jewish woman psychiatrist, a cynical, anti-Semitic English journalist and an Israeli general. Ignore (if you can) the turgid style that goes on.

What can't be denied, however, is that this is flat-out exploitation, and Jerusalem, and Israel are the victims. ☐

On the sweet side

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

THERE IS a certain irony in the fact that during the same week I was invited to a press conference to promote the eating of ice cream in winter and, to a meeting with a nutritionist who wants to launch a crusade against the eating of sugar altogether. I trust that both parties will forgive me for including these diametrically opposite themes in one articles.

The Ice Cream Manufacturers Club is a new group within the Israel Manufacturers Association, and its first venture is the campaign to increase ice cream consumption in winter. The Ministry for Industry and Trade assures me there is no ban on a branch of industry forming a club, so long as it does not engage in price setting, which would make it a cartel and illegal. Not that the ice cream manufacturers deal collectively with pricing; on the contrary, they told us there is very stiff competition on this.

The club members are Stauss, Whitman, Snowcrest and Tenne-Noga (which both belong to Tnuva), Rio, and Artic. They say they have organized to encourage high standards for industrially-produced ice cream and to promote ice cream eating in general — which they note would benefit even the smaller, non-organized producers. Their chairman is Moshe Rabinowitz, director of Tnuva's food and production department.

Per capita, according to the club, Israelis don't eat much ice cream compared with Western countries — some six kilos per year here, as against eight per person in Scandinavia and 24 in the U.S. Americans consume more ice cream per capita than coffee, fish, cheese or apples. One explanation for the lower ice cream consumption here, of course, is *kashrut*, since in homes observing the dietary laws, dairy ice cream cannot be served as dessert for meat meals.

Then, too, ice cream is still considered a seasonal food in Israel. According to Tnuva's Rabinowitz, sales of ice cream in winter are only 10 to 15 per cent of summer levels. Most ice cream freezers in grocery shops and supermarkets are shut down in winter, but the industry hopes this year to maintain one-third of the ice cream freezers in operation throughout the winter.

"My mother doesn't let me eat ice cream in winter," is a phrase I still hear occasionally from my children's friends. One of the aims of the current promotion campaign is to fight against the old wives' tale that ice cream can cause colds and sore throats.

On the contrary, the manufacturers have published a statement from Prof. Yehuda Shindel, recently retired head of the ear, nose and throat department at Beilinson Hospital, that ice cream is not only harmless to these organs, but can actually be beneficial in times of illness. "Why do we put cold bandages on swollen wounds?" he asks. "If so, why not give children and adults cold ice cream to eat when their throats are hot and aching?" He says ice cream is soothing and cooling to the affected areas.

WHAT IF the idea of eating something cold in wintertime simply doesn't appeal to us? We are kidding ourselves, the manufacturers insist. Any food, hot or cold, gives energy and heat to the body. True, one should eat cold food slowly in order to allow the mouth and esophagus to raise its temperature so that the digestive juices can work on it properly. Then, in a final bit of convouted reasoning, the industry says raising the temperature of the food creates extra work for the body, which produces heat: This is a bit far-fetched. All that need be said is that if our homes are heated properly, there is no reason why we shouldn't enjoy eating ice cream in winter as well as in summer.

AS FOR nutritional value, the manufacturers state that "if someone should decide to eat ice cream as a main course, he can do so, even fried or baked, in the certainty that he is getting all the necessary ingredients for correct nutrition."

This seems rather extreme, in view of the fact that if one looks on any ice cream package, the first ingredient listed (and hence the major component) is sugar, which most authorities agree has no nutritional value at all. Still, there are various other components in ice cream, and altogether it contains proteins, carbohydrates, fats, minerals (particularly calcium and phosphorus) and vitamins (especially A). According to the club's press release, the average ice cream contains only 200 calories per 100 grams, and "this supplies the daily calcium and protein requirements of an adult."

In the final analysis, most people eat ice cream primarily for enjoyment, not as an ideal source of nourishment. It is no less healthful in wintertime than in summertime, and this is really the main point of the current promotion. This week, each firm has launched its own promotion campaign for its particular brand. Some are doing this by offering prizes.

The best suggestion for increasing ice cream consumption in wintertime, it seems to me, came from a member of the audience at the press conference at the Tel Aviv Hilton: why not reduce prices of ice cream in the off-season to make it more attractive?

Among the flurry of complicated desserts Hilton chef Ze'ev Keren whipped up for the occasion from the commercial brands was batter-dipped-and-fried guavas filled with pistachio ice cream. With all due respect to him, many of us would have preferred our ice cream plain, or with just a little sauce on top.

AT THE OTHER end of the spectrum is a natural-food nutritionist who objects to commercial ice creams not only for their high sugar content, but because of the preservatives, emulsifiers, stabilizers and food colourings they may contain. Unlike most of us, she is not satisfied by the fact that these additives have been approved by our own Health Ministry's Food Administration or the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

Some of my readers may remember a ventriloquist-dummy act called Judy and Udi which entertained our children about a decade ago. Judy Aven-Hen was an American immigrant married to an Israeli. They went back to the U.S. for a while and have just returned, she with a new profession as a nutritionist. She now has a Ph.D. from a Californian nutritional institute called Donsbach University. (I was informed by the U.S. Embassy that this is not listed as an accredited institute of post-secondary education by the American Council on Education.)

She also has a new cause — to convince Israeli mothers of what she considers the dangers of eating sugar, white or brown, and what she sees as the over-use here of antibiotics in pediatric medicine.

Aven-Hen, who has opened an office in Tel Aviv (tel. 03/220297) prefaced her remarks with, "I don't believe everyone has to be a vegetarian to be healthy," and says she sometimes prescribes diets in which poultry and meat play a major role. What is more important to her, is that people stay clear of coffee, sugar, and white flour — all of which she considers harmful.

Her doctoral thesis was on the subject of children and junk food, which she defines as anything containing sugar or chemical additives, such as preservatives or colouring. In a survey in schools in the Los Angeles area, she found that children who ate sugar-rich breakfasts tended to be hyperactive, and around 10 a.m. became ravenously hungry again and craved something sweet. She claims that young bodies cannot handle the amount of sugar to be found, for instance, in a doughnut and cocoa drink, that the pancreas secretes an excess of insulin to counteract it. After a time the blood sugar level drops, the body craves more sugar, and up goes the blood sugar again. She says this roller-coaster sugar level syndrome may eventually take its toll in diabetes or other ills. She also subscribes to a theory that sugar pulls Vitamin B from the body.

More conventional nutritional doctrines simply hold that refined sugar represents "empty calories," which provide no protein, vitamins or minerals, while virtually everyone accepts that sugar contributes to dental caries.

THE MEDICAL profession would undoubtedly dispute Aven-Hen's theory that Israeli children are sick so often because their immune systems have been weakened by eating too much sugar and the over-prescription of antibiotics by pediatricians for childhood ailments.

Few health authorities, however, could quibble with her desire to help Israeli mothers replace sugar-rich snack foods with the more nourishing fruits and nuts. She hopes to organize diet counselling classes for mothers and wants to talk to children themselves about the dangers of junk food through live and televised appearances with her talking doll.

To launch her anti-sugar campaign, she has just written an article entitled "Mother, Are You Killing Your Child?" for the new Hebrew Journal of the Israel Vegetarian's Association, of which her husband is spokesman. Her advice for dealing with a hyperactive child is to withdraw all sugar from his diet, and she says the "detoxification process" takes four days. She observes that eliminating foods with artificial additives, such as food dyes, has also been known to produce remarkable changes in hyperactive children. For ordinary households, she proposes a gradual elimination of sugar. She believes in the use of honey in moderation.

WHILE DEPLORING the high sugar consumption here, Judy Aven-Hen does have some favourable things to say about Israeli eating habits as compared to American ones. She says our habit of eating the main meal of the day in the afternoon is preferable to the Americans' evening big dinner. She believes that truly organically-grown fruits and vegetables would be even better than ours, which she describes as "superb," and also prefers "organic eggs" when available — ones from chickens which have not been given hormones. She is an advocate of vitamin tablets, because, she says, "the soil is depleted and foods don't have the nutritional value they once did." *MARTHA MEISELS*